THE ESSELAMES STORIES

A WEEKLY DEALING WITH THE DETECTION OF CRIME

Issued Weekly. By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at New York Post Office by Street & Smith, 238 William St., N. Y.

No. 33.

Price, Five Cents.



"YES, I AM JESSE JAMES, THE MAN WHO SAVED YOUR MISERABLE LIFE, SHAW MORGAN!" SAID THE DISGUISED OUTLAW

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Price Five Cents.

Jesse James' Exploits.

By W. B. LAWSON.

CHAPTER CLVI.

A BLACK NIGHT ON THE NORTH RIVER.

Name, Caleb Black. Occupation, detective.

Time, summer, not many years ago.

Place, New York City—the wickedest, as well as the largest, city of the continent.

That ought to take it all in.

A strange rumor has been brought to me. It is to the effect that Jesse James, the noted Missouri outlaw, has actually been seen at Coney Island, that gayest of all resorts.

The story is that he visited the seaside pleasure place, and while there saw a placard in front of one of the museums, which read:

of the museums, which read.

The management begs leave to announce the first appearance in public of the notorious Western outlaw,

JESSE JAMES.

Having lately been pardoned by the Governor of Missouri, he has consented to let the people of New York see him as he appeared when robbing the Western express trains.

The real Jesse James lost no time in passing in. Sure enough, there, on a platform, sat a man dressed in Western style—flannel shirt and boots, with jeans trousers. Upon his head was a sombrero, adopted from the Mexican, and around his waist was buckled a belt holding two large revolvers and a knife.

Jesse James pushed his way to the side of the platform. There was something in his manner that attracted the attention of the man on exhibition, who looked sharply that way. Catching his eye, the real Jesse James beckoned to him to come down. The impostor looked at Jesse, gave a start forward, turned pale, and rose to his feet.

Jesse James beckoned again, and the man descended and came toward him, apparently against his will.

"Ah, you know me, Shaw," muttered the notorious outlaw. "Listen to me, man. To-night you appear on this stage for the last time. If you dare to keep this imposture up—"

His gesture was quite sufficient to finish the sentence, and the impostor, who was none other than Shaw Morgan, whose life Jesse James once saved among the cottonwoods of Tennessee, fairly cringed before him.

The man protested that he meant no harm.

"That's all right," said Jesse. "Just remember that if you try this after to-night, you're a dead man."

Suffice it to say that next day that feature of the show was not on the programme.

That is the way I have heard the story.

I am not sure that it was true.

I am determined to run the rumor down as soon as I am through with the case I have in hand.

Little do I realize how big a part the famous bandit is to play in my present case.

The night is black as the ace of clubs, and I find

West street apparently deserted as I pass down it,

for the hour is late.

Eleven o'clock has just been rung by church bells near by—that is, they sound close, but West street, running along the great river probably the toughest of the tough in these latter days, knows no church.

These haunts of crime are as well known to me as

a book re-read a dozen times.

I have engaged in many a hot chase after criminals in different sections of the city, and know their ways

pretty well.

At five minutes after eleven I reach a corner of the street—across the way the great black hull of a transatlantic steamer stands up against the stardecked heavens, and I can faintly trace her masts and spars.

Up to this time I have seen few persons on the street; once or twice a shirking form avoids me and goes skulking past, and when I cross the ferry street, a party of early birds from some theatre go chatter-

ing past.

A well-dressed man or a sailor half-seas-over could not go one block along West street at this hour of the night without meeting with trouble, being garroted or sandbagged and robbed.

My actions are such that these prowlers take me

for one of themselves.

On this particular corner I pause.

Here I have appointed a rendezvous, and look

around for my man.

I forget that I am disguised and may excite suspicion, but the recollection comes to me, and I give a signal agreed on.

A figure immediately advances from a doorway; I am standing directly under the dim street lamp, and

can readily be seen.

As the man walks up I recognize him.

"Peterman?" I say.

"Here, sir.'

Another moment and he is at my side.

This man is one whom I have often employed to do work for me.

He is a rough, honest waterman—a Swede by birth—stalwart, bright, and quick to learn.

Already I have put him upon certain cases, and found that when once started he can follow a trail with as keen a scent as a bloodhound.

It is a far different purpose that brings about our

meeting on this night.

I mean to put his muscles to a good use; to depend upon his daring skill as a waterman, but not to call on his brain for much service.

"Is the boat ready, Peterman?"

"Close by, sir."

We pass out upon a dock.

It takes some stretch of the imagination to make out the boat resting on the black waters of the slip. "Let us embark," I say.

"Come down carefully, sir. A bath in this greasy water isn't very pleasant, and unless I'm mistaken the air will grow chilly soon."

I am very careful, and succeed in depositing my agile self in the stern of the small but serviceable

boat Peterman has here.

Now we are off.

CHAPTER CLVII.

A SPY ON BOARD THE STEAM YACHT.

My mission on the river is one that may be full of danger—excitement there is about it without doubt—but this is an old story with me, and I do not bother my head about such matters.

We are now very close to the vessel, upon whose rigging hangs the riding light prescribed by law as a necessity, and without which no ship at anchor can recover damages in case of being run down by a vessel on the move.

I can hear the tide gurgling over her cable at the bow—of course, the stern is upstream, and, as we aim for that port, we must pass along her side in order to reach it.

Peterman knows his business—no man could have done it better.

When within a dozen yards of the vessel he ceases to row, but still holds his oars in readiness for immediate use.

The momentum already acquired, with the action of wind and tide, carries us on bravely, and we will come in contact with the vessel just about her stern.

When Peterman is certain of this, he quietly lifts the oars so that the dripping blades are placed upon the middle thwart, and creeping to the bow reaches it just in time to fend her away from the black hull of the stately steam yacht, which we have come across.

His hands run along the side as the tide bears us on, and just at the stern he discovers a ring used for some purpose.

Through this the ready painter is slipped, and we

drop around to the stern.

All this has been done in a systematic manner, and without a particle of noise.

When he has the boat well secured, Peterman falls back, and by a snap of the fingers tells me of the fact.

I crawl forward.

That there is a watch I am sure, as a vessel of this sort is never without one, but as danger, if any is apprehended, must come from the bow, no doubt the man on duty has stationed himself there.

At any rate, there is nothing to keep me from

climbing aboard.

This I proceed to do without further ceremony, and in another minute I find myself crouching upon the afterdeck of the steam yacht Clytie.

I creep to the companionway. I am not sailorbred, and hardly know whether I call things by their proper names, but when it comes to getting there I am on deck every time.

Seeing my way clear, I pass below.

The cabins are close by.

I pass the hanging lantern, which I take to be the

binnacle light.

Then, to my satisfaction, I hear voices, and see a light just beyond, coming from the cabin, the door of which stands ajar.

It could not have been better, even had the ar-

rangement of things been given to myself.

I glide forward, reach the door, and proceed to take a cautious observation.

Two men are in the cabin, which is luxuriously furnished, showing that the owner of the Clytie must be a man of considerable means.

That person is present.

He lays back in an easy-chair and puffs away at a fine Havana cigar; his legs are crossed, and as he talks he pats the arm of his chair, as though keeping time with his words.

Raymond Beers is a man between forty and fifty

years of age.

No one seems to know where he came from, but he has wealth, and the manners of a gentleman.

His companion is a rather tall, spare man, neatly dressed, wearing a Prince Albert coat, and showing no superfluous jewelry, though in his scarf he wears a magnificent diamond.

The bearing of this man interests me from the start. I am a good reader of faces, and know he is

no ordinary character.

Such a man may be cruel, and even bloodthirsty, but he possesses all the elements for strategy.

I know he will give me a strong pull yet-something in my bones tells me so.

As this is my favorite hold, I am anxious for the

game to begin.

This man wears a full beard, but it is evidently of but a few weeks' growth.

Without it his face is thin.

I am particular about describing him, as he is bound to figure conspicuously in our yarn.

His eyes attract me at once.

He, too, sits in an attitude that betokens coolness and carelessness. He has straddled a chair, and leans his arms upon the back.

Listening, I hear Raymond Beers speak, after he has sent several delicate rings of smoke curling up to the roof of the snug cabin-a performance that seems to give him a considerable amount of satisfac-

"Your business is important, then?"

"Yes. It depends a good deal on one man."

"That's bad-you may miss him."

"I know where to find him. I am talking to him

"Meaning me, Caldwell?"

"Meaning you."

CHAPTER CLVIII.

HUNTED DOWN.

The owner of the luxurious Clytie takes a sudden new interest in his companion; he sits up in his chair and ceases to blow rings of smoke from his cigar, while he bends a look upon Caldwell, as though he would read the other's actual meaning with his eyes.

No one can do that.

I do not remember ever seeing a face that portrays less emotion than that of the man whose folded arms rest on the back of his chair.

He may pass through stormy scenes, where bullets whistle all around, and yet present the same sphinxlike demeanor.

I understand the man better later on.

"Your business concerns me, Caldwell—that is a singular assertion to make. How the deuce can that be, man?"

Caldwell remains cool and deliberate.

"I am delighted to hear you say you fancy me, Beers. It makes my task easier." "Task—what task?"

"You and I could do business well together. We possess qualifications, unless I am mistaken, that would work together in harmony."

"Business! I am in no business, my dear Norman, unless you call running this pleasure boat such. My business is principally devoted to the pleasant task of spending my income."

"In which I would be happy to assist you." At this Beers laughs and puffs at his weed. "No doubt; many would join you at that."

"But I purpose to join you; it would be a terrible

thing to let that interest mount up."

"I keep it pretty well down, my boy," replies the yacht owner, at the same time looking suspiciously out of the corner of his eyes at the other.

He cannot yet see the drift of these remarks, and does not know whether they are meant as a joke, or in a serious frame of mind.

"Nevertheless, I desire to be taken in as a full

partner, Beers, with equal rights."

"Well," with a dry little laugh, "I suppose you have a snug sum to back against my pile. What will you put into the common fund?"

"My secret."

Had a rattlesnake given its dreadful note of warning near Beers just then, he could not show greater consternation.

Just in the act of restoring his Havana to his mouth, his hand pauses in midair, and his eyes are glued on Caldwell, who sends a cloud of smoke between them with as little apparent concern as though he were talking about the coming yacht races.

"Your secret, man! What in the deuce has that

to do with me?"

"Everything. Let me change the wording, and call it your secret."

This shot goes to the bull's-eye.

I can see the yacht-owner's hand holding the cigar tremble like an aspen.

Raymond Beers lays his cigar upon the table, and bends another piercing look on his companion.

"You astonish me, man. See here, Caldwell, have we ever met before?"

"Yes."

"More than once I have seen something about you that seemed familiar, but when I came to place you, for the life of me I could not. Was it in Boston or Montreal we met?"

Caldwell shakes his head, and slowly whiffs at his

cigar, which he holds between his teeth.

"It will all come to you before we have finished this interview, and I expect that you will acknowledge me as half-owner in all you possess.'

"You have London assurance, man."

"No: American cheek goes better. But I am not unreasonable in my demands, as I expect to prove to you presently. I spoke of a secret; let me explain."

With this he tosses something on the table.

It is a small locket.

Beers picks it up, presses the spring, and one side flies open, disclosing a small photograph of a man's smooth face.

The glance I get of it is unsatisfactory, so I watch to see what effect it will have on the man who sports

the luxuriant whiskers.

He shows surprise, consternation, and then recovers his self-possession.

"Don't know him. Is this great secret you speak of connected with this man?"

"When a man repudiates his own likeness, it is

time something was looked into."

"Bah! My dear fellow, do you mean to give me to understand that this is a picture of myself? A mistake! You're barking up the wrong tree, I assure you."

"That picture was taken in Springfield, Missouri."

"Never was in Missouri in my life."

The other smiles; he is not at all disconcerted, but proceeds with his attack.

"The name may interest you; out in that region the man is known as Jack Ralston."

"You don't say! Well, for forty-three years I have been known as Raymond Beers."

"This Jack Ralston left Missouri five years ago, after a great train robbery had taken place, in which he was concerned."

"Look here! you are getting too confounded personal, Caldwell."

"Hits home, eh?"

"I don't mind being taken for some one else-accidents will happen, you know; but when I say I am not that person, it ought to settle it. You, however, insist that you are right, and not only that, but declare that I am some sort of a train robber, driven out of the West. That is hardly a gentlemanly way of treating your host."

Still the other is unmoved, though his lip curls as

if in disdain.

"You say you are not Jack Ralston?"

"Certainly."

"Will you prove it?"

"To please you, my friend, yes."

"Good! This Jack Ralston, train-robber and border bravo, was marked for life."

Raymond Beers starts as if shot.

"Upon his left arm, just below the elbow, was a white cross, made by the scars of two wounds received while he was a young man-a guerilla in Quantrell's band of border riders during the war.

"If you are not Ralston, you will draw up the sleeve of your coat and show me your arm, bare to

the elbow; then I will believe."

The lower jaw of Beers drops at this.

"What are your demands?" "Half of all you own."

"You are mad."

"I am as sane as any man you ever saw. Besides, I have more of a claim upon a good portion of your fortune than you suspect."

Beers gazes at the other as if fascinated.

He has met his master.

This man handles him without gloves, and he feels

like a mere puppet in his hands.

"You come from the West, Caldwell?" he says, at length, as though he finds it necessary to utter some sounds to break the dreadful silence.

"I do."

"Suppose that I admitted that all this rubbish you have been giving me was true, for the sake of argument, would you mind answering me a question?"

"Not at all."

"Then who and what are you?"

This strikes home to me—I am very nearly as much interested in the reply as Beers can be, so I hold my breath and listen.

"I will answer that by asking another—what do

you think I am?"

"A detective," comes the unhesitating reply.

"Wrong. Guess again." "I cannot imagine any one else hunting me."

"Think-look back. You wronged a man years ago-a man who trusted you with his life-a man who had ridden beside you in Quantrell's band, and stood up beside you when lead fell like hail. I am

that man-look at me in the eyes, Jack Ralston, and

see if you remember."

The other bends forward—a look of horror creeps over his face—his eyes are distended, and it is evident that he has now recognized the man who hunts him so closely—he cries in a hoarse whisper:

"Yes-I know you now-you are Jesse James."

CHAPTER CLIX.

THE GREAT PLOT FOR A MILLION.

I give a start. The rumor I heard, then, is true. And this man, standing there, is the outlaw himself.

The papers for two years and more have ever and anon given long accounts of some daring crime com-

mitted by this land pirate of Missouri.

Jesse James and his followers have stopped railroad trains, robbed banks, and made their names a terror to all wealthy corporations.

For the space of a full minute not a word is passed

between them.

They sit and stare.

One is mockingly cool, the other red in the face, confused, overwhelmed.

Jesse James takes a pull at his cigar, but puffs the

smoke quickly to one side.

He does not want to put a curtain between himself and this man just now.

It is too critical a time.

Beers breaks the silence with one of his dry, nervous laughs; he has evidently seen that he is in a corner, and decides to make the most of a bad business, in which he shows his wisdom.

"Jesse, this thing has floored me, To think I didn't know you—that's the strange part of it."

"Other people have passed me by, Jack."

"Yes, but I've got such good cause to remember you; I've seen you day and night in my mind ever since I played you that miserable trick."

"Well, Jack, you heard my demand."

"You want half of that plunder I got away with?"

"What about this game of yours. Let me hear of it, and perhaps we may make a bargain."

"I have learned some things since last you saw

me, Jesse James."

"Yes—I heard that they kept you in the shoe department up the river, and that you did pretty good work before you came out."

Again that cackling laugh.

"Have your joke, old man. He laughs longest

who laughs last, you know."

"Well, I'll take good care that you don't have that opportunity. Once is all any man tampers with Jesse James. Try that dodge again and lightning wouldn't fall on you quicker than I will. That's my way of doing things."

"I'm square as a die now. What I meant by learning something new was this: The dodges we used to work in Missouri won't stand the racket in the East. There men make fortunes in another way altogether."

"Yes," said Jesse James, quietly; "we wreck a single train to rob it—in Wall Street men wreck a

whole railroad to line their pockets."

"You are right, and that was what gave me my brilliant idea."

"Indeed!"

The Missouri outlaw is interested.

When there is a scheme for making money in the wind, it generally catches his eye.

I bide my time.

The suspicions that have been imparted to me will soon assume a definite shape.

A little patience is needed, and, fortunately, my

stock of that is good.

Long practice has taught me that to the man who waits all will be given—many a grand game is ruined

by impatience.

"I soon took hold of the Eastern idea—not that I dabbled in Wall Street, for I'm not fool enough to do that, but I've picked up numberless ideas about making money, and now I really believe I'm on to the greatest scheme that ever was broached by a living being."

"You fairly stagger me, Jack."

"Wait till you hear it, man, and I imagine it will strike you as a stunner. Perhaps you'll feel like going in with me, too."

"Go on."

"First of all, look here."

Jumping up, he opens a door.

Beyond is disclosed a small cabin, tastefully and neatly furnished.

It looks very attractive to my eye, what I can see of it, and, somehow, I quite envy this smart rascal the possession of such a yacht.

I am even inclined to grumble at the slow pay virture receives, while unscrupulous men like these before me revel in the fat of the land.

"What do you think of that?"

"Very fine, indeed."

"You wouldn't believe that is meant for a prison cell, but the bull's-eye window is too small for a man to crawl through, and this door is stout."

"It would make a good prison."

"I expect it to have an occupant before long."

"Ah, yes; you mean to kidnap some one."

A nod answers.

"And hold him for a ransom?"

"Yes; a million dollars."

Jesse James gives vent to a whistle.

"The deuce! You play high, Jack. A cool million in the pot. Who is it—the President?"

A negative shake and a laugh.

"Then the Governor, surely."

Another rebuff.

"Speak out, man; who is to be your guest?"
Raymond Beers leans forward, and in a low, but

distinct tone says:

"Jay Morton, the prince of Wall Street!"

CHAPTER CLX.

THE PRINCE OF WALL STREET.

The mention of that name is no surprise to me, for

I have been expecting it all the time.

It makes something of a sensation with the other man, however; Jesse James looks at his former comrade as if hardly able to believe his senses.

"Jack, bless my soul if you ain't a genius, after all! A great scheme—a stupendous idea! If it can be carried out it will make us both rich for life."

"You'll go into it with me, then?"

"I've a good notion to. Such big game strikes me square in the heart."

"You've wrecked more than one of Morton's

trains, Jesse-now try your hand on him."

"Let me hear more of the plot-how are you to

get him aboard?"

"He's coming himself, on my invitation to dine with me and see something of the yacht. You know he's interested in such matters.

"Once Mr. Morton is aboard he does not leave here until he has placed a million dollars in my hands. I shall, of course, go out of New York Bay, and stand to the south, bringing up somewhere below the cape, perhaps in the Delaware, or else in Chesapeake Bay.

"All arrangements will have been made beforehand, so that the money can be secured, and Mr. Morton will find that if his is the master-mind on Wall Street, there are others besides himself in the

world who can plot for a fortune.

"I tell you, Jesse James, once Jay Morton sets his aristocratic foot on the deck of this yacht, the million is as good as ours."

"And he has accepted your invitation?"

"Oh, yes; I arranged it so that his curiosity is excited. He believes I am a member of the Boston Yacht Club, and a very wealthy gentleman seeking large investments. When I talked with him I spoke quietly, and not in a boastful way, about having several million invested in certain foreign enterprises, which I thought ought to be bringing me in more than a beggarly three per cent., and he quite agreed with me."

"Your men are all tried and true?"

"I only have six besides the captain and steward. The two latter are my slaves—they would do anything under heaven for me."

"Then, my good man, you have a chance of suc-

ceeding. Let me think it over to-night, and I will tell you my decision in the morning."

"Good! for I am sure reflection will fill you with

enthusiasm for my project."

"You know of old, Jack, I don't jump hastily, but once my mind is made up, I get there."

"Even if it does take five years nearly to do it in," remarked Beers.

"Exactly. 'Are you prepared for a voyage?"

"Provisioned for a month; every detail has been looked after, for I've had this scheme on my mind for some time past."

"Success to you, Jack. When you come to it, the game is Greek against Greek. May the best man

win in the end."

Jesse James looks about him curiously.

"Who'd have thought there was so much room below the deck here," he says.

"It's a bully boat, and will win me a fortune."

They sit down again.

Beers proposes a game of cards, but his companion declares he does not care to play. The larger game already occupies his thoughts.

I have seen and heard all I care about.

Success has been very flattering thus far, and I do not care to overdo the matter.

Suppose I retreat,

If I reach the shore in safety, I have done a good night's work.

There is a temptation to linger.

These men may talk further upon this interesting subject. They are sure to, in fact, but I do not see that I can pick up any further information, even if I do stay.

What if Jesse James does decide to join forces with his old-time companion on many a wild ride and

daring adventure!

It simply makes it a little harder for me, while, at the same time, the aggregate result of a grand haul will be enlarged by the generous rewards offered for his apprehension.

Yes, I determine to flit.
Other reasons influence me.

I cannot hope to remain in the yacht all night, except as a prisoner, a condition that would hardly be

A certain remark of Beers' guest attracts my attention to the fact that the yacht is heaving up and

down much more than when I boarded her. That means something.

The clouds in the southeast have developed into a storm, and this is now closing in.

I remember Peterman.

He is an old waterdog, but even he will be growing uneasy about me.

Such a storm can kick up quite a sea on the broad North River, and small boats are swamped quite frequently, in spite of good oarsmen. Let the plotters commune.

I will prove to them that there is a wiser head than theirs combined on the case.

Jay Morton can sleep in peace.

If he minds my warning he will not fall into this devilish trap set for him.

The Wizard of Wall Street has always been a

mark for envious eyes.

At times he has been compelled to hire a detective to shadow him.

I had the honor once, and was remarkably well paid for my services, so that now I am delighted at the chance of seeing him again.

I am in my profession, because I believe I am suited to it, and it pays me, not because I love to

hunt men to the earth.

Having decided to call a halt on my ardor at this

stage of the game, I begin to back out.

It is hard to tear my eyes away from those two men. They seem to fascinate me.

Particularly is this the case with Jesse James.

He seems like a walking fortune to me, if I can only apprehend him.

I'll do it. Duty calls.

I reach the companionway. Luck has favored me thus far.

I have not met a single sailor.

All the same, I keep my eyes well about me, as I once more reach for the deck.

I look around to see if any sailors are near—the owner of the yacht has said his crew really consists of eight men, and it would prove very unfortunate for me if by chance I run across one of them now.

The man on the watch is still forward; I can get a

whiff of his pipe, borne on the wind.

How about Peterman?

Has he been able to maintain his position all this while, and keep the skiff from banging into the stern of the yacht?

What if some accident has occurred?

He may have been forced to leave his position by some sudden emergency.

Losing no time, I creep foward the stern in the

darkness.

As I reach it I run into a sailor crouching there.

He takes me for one of his comrades.

"There's a boat yonder—I had a glimpse of it, mate. Stay here till I wake the captain up. Some deviltry afloat, I bet; these harbor pirates would steal the copper sheathing off a vessel."

With these words he glides away. '

That is what I call a narrow escape.

I give the signal.

Putting my hand down I feel the rope move, and hence know that my man has heard.

Then, straining my eyes, I see the boat below. To get into it requires some diplomacy, on account of the pitching and tossing, but Peterman has taken the painter aboard, and, clutching the side of the yacht away from the storm, by the muscular power he possesses he is pulling the boat along.

The tide helps him a little.

I comprehend quickly what he is about. The intention is to bring the small boat into such a position that I may drop into the stern, and then the real work will begin.

No time is to be lost, since the second man on the watch has gone to arouse the captain, and must soon

return.

Seizing my chance, I drop my feet into the boat, still holding on above.

Then I sit down.

"Ready?" whispers Peterman.

"All right," I reply.

He pushes off, and in another moment has the oars, which will not leave his hands again until we are at the water's edge.

As Peterman begins to pull, the vessel fades from

our sight—her riding light alone remaining.

I have heard voices, though, on the deck, and know full well that the watchman has returned with the skipper. Then the binnacle lantern is carried aft, but it is too late. They will find no trace of a boat upon the heaving waters.

CHAPTER CLXI.

THE PRINCE OF WALL STREET.

Through the rolling waves we head, and the lights along the New York shore grow brighter.

We are nearing safety.

We have little trouble now in making the docks, and when Peterman finds he has struck in half a mile above where we intended landing, he declares it useless to attempt rowing down the river against the tide.

Better get ashore and walk.

So we land.

He finds a place to fasten his boat, and snaps a chain and padlock on her, for the thieves that prowl along the water front would not hesitate long about stealing such a craft.

Peterman walks with me down West street until we reach the point where I mean to strike up into the

heart of the great city.

If this game goes through all right Peterman will certainly be well rewarded.

I mean to make that a distinct point.

He can be depended upon to do whatever I set him at with credit.

I have other work before me.

Just at present there is a time for resting, and, after my late experience, I am not averse to it.

So, leaving Peterman, I make my way to the ob-

scure rooms that are my secret den, and in a short

time I have found sleep.

No matter what the late excitement has been, I have mastered the situation so that I can go to sleep

When I awaken the morning has come.

How vivid are the events of the preceding night in my mind!

I realize that I have a great case on my hands, and

exult in the thought.

It may yield me a small fortune.

The rewards offered for the apprehension of the notorious outlaw are enough to make me put in my best licks on the case.

Besides, there is a source of income from the great millionaire, against whom these piratical sharks are plotting.

It is my intention to call upon him during the

morning at his Wall street office.

He will see me.

The Street can hold its breath and wait while the great operator holds a private talk with me.

I run the whole business over in my mind, and even arrange plans of action, which may, of course, be changed under circumstances that will warrant such a thing.

The prospect is favorable.

I even map out a plan that for daring will far exceed anything I have ever attempted before, and I have the grit to carry it out.

It entails ingenious work, some smart play, and a

bold checkmate in the end.

Patience! I will be guided by many things that

may happen in the near future.

I eat my breakfast without hurry, knowing that unless Mr. Morton has through some accident changed his hours, it will be impossible to see him until nearly eleven o'clock.

A few things may be done before then, and, after

finishing my meal, I set about them.

I have a friend in the shipping line, and I visit his office for general information.

He supplies the men for most of the pleasure boats

around New York.

Perhaps I may get some information here that will be of value.

In deciding to visit his office I build better than I have dreamed.

They know Raymond Beers.

He secured three men for his crew here, and, on consulting their books, it is found that there is an order for two more, to be brought in by the following day at the latest.

When I hear this my heart nearly jumps up in my throat.

It is pure luck.

I am willing to accept it as an augury of all that is

good-to believe fortune means to favor me in this deal.

As a favor I ask my friend to let me send him the two men they have ordered to fill the complement, and he readily writes in his book that the two men for the Clytie will be forthcoming in good time, armed with a note from Caleb Black. .

That settles it.

I have made a great stride toward accomplishing my outlined plan, and the fact that I do not have to buck against opposing fortune in the start makes me feel quite happy.

I have already picked out one of the two men I

shall slip on the Clytie.

Peterman.

A better man for the place could not well be secured, and when it comes to a crisis I am sure I can depend upon him to do my work.

Time drags on.

At half-past ten I start for Wall Street.

It is eleven exactly when I find myself at the of-

fices of the great operator.

At this time Jay Morton was daily seen on the Street, and his power was far beyond that of all other operators combined.

When he moved, a train of smaller bulls or bears followed in his shadow, seeking to share in the great

profits to be gleaned.

Probably no man in New York has been feared more than this millionaire, who manipulated railroad stocks at his pleasure.

When he made a move it generally meant a million

or so in his pocket.

Men hated him, too, as they always do the successful man-men who went into the deal expecting to make money out of it.

Jay Morton had seen about as stormy a life as any

living man.

On the day that I enter Wall Street large deals are

supposed to be the tapis.

There is no panic, but messengers are flying this way and that in great haste.

CHAPTER CLXII.

ALL DEPENDS ON JERRY.

I make inquiries after Mr. Morton.

A clerk informs me that he is in his private office, but can only be disturbed upon the most important business.

This is what I expect, and have come here prepared to meet.

So I hand him a note in an envelope.

"He will see me after reading that."

The gentlemanly clerk looks at me, as though to make up his mind whether it will pay him to take the missive to his employer, whose minutes are so

precious, and who must be troubled with all sorts of impecunious parties.

I give him my card.

"It may be a matter of life and death to Mr. Morton," I say, very quietly.

This settles the business.

"I will take it to him myself," he says.

In two minutes he appears again.

"Follow me, sir."

I speedily find myself in the presence of the wizard of the stock market.

I have seen Mr. Morton before, and at one or two times have done a little work for him.

He is seated at his desk.

In spite of the furor out on the street, hardly a trace of anxiety can be detected on his face.

I see wonder there.

My note has astonished him.

He nods to a chair; the clerk has gone out, and we are alone in his private room, the place where this great financier has laid his plans to sweep many a snug fortune to his side of the table.

"Now, Mr. Black, what does this mean?"

"Exactly what I stated in my note, Mr. Morton. You are in danger; a tremendous plot has been arranged to kidnap you."

He drums with his fingers on the desk; his dark

eyes are bent on me with a powerful gaze.

This is not the first time he has been threatened from evil and envious sources, as I have good reason to know, but his coolness is simply wonderful under the circumstances.

"Explain yourself."

"How long can you give me, sir?" "Half-an-hour at the outside."

"It will be more than sufficient." He assumes an easier attitude.

"I believe you have an engagement with a certain vachtsman, Raymond Beers, to visit his steam yacht to-morrow afternoon, between three and four?"

He nods.

"That is where the plot comes in. You are to be drugged, and forcibly detained on board the Clytie."

"What! Then Beers is in it?"

"At the head of it."

"He is no gentleman."

"He is a villain-a man who five years ago was a comrade of the infamous Jesse James."

"Confusion!"

"He has since served at Sing Sing under another name. Upon regaining his freedom, he has unearthed treasure that has lain buried, and splurged as Raymond Beers.

"The old spirit of envy is still big within him, and he has at last struck upon a brilliant plan to gain a

million, he believes.

"You see the idea, Mr. Morton—once you are safe aboard the Clytie, she will be gotten under way, and a message having been sent to your home, that you will take a little cruise with your friend, Raymond Beers, no alarm will be felt there.

"They have their schemes for securing the million once you are away from New York. It can be done -I have heard their plans discussed, and if you go aboard the steam yacht you are certainly in a trap."

"Then I will avoid the danger; I will send my re-

grets at the last moment."

"Pardon me, Mr. Morton, but if you take my advice you will do no such thing."

"Would you have me go aboard?"

"Yes, sir."

He looks serious.

"You know I am not a coward, Black, but just now I must positively decline to do so. The Street is feverish—I am needed here."

"Let me explain my position, sir. Although action such as you propose might serve to defeat these men this time, it would only be for once. They are not the ones to give up a project that promises so well without another attempt.

"The second time they may be more successful, as

I may not get on to their plans."

"What is your idea, then?"

"To hoodwink these men—make them believe all is working smoothly, and then when the crisis comes trip them up with a whirl."

"But such action, you say, necessitates my going on board the yacht?"

"Or some one representing you."

"Ah! I begin to see light.

"There are men who look like you, Mr. Morton. I have heard of several—I chance to know one. Your intimate acquaintances might speak to him on the street, and believe it was Jay Morton. Of course, if they talked with him they would soon learn the truth, but I can coach him enough for this busi-

The financier rubs his hands together—his eyes snap and sparkle as he enters into the spirit of the af-

Such a game as this always appeals to him.

He likes to deal with intricate details—to master some scheme where he is pitted against other minds that must eventually bow before him.

"I grasp the idea now, Mr. Black. Tell me the

story.

So, in a concise way, I proceed to do so, cutting off all superfluous words, and giving him the gist of what was said and done during my trip upon the wide North River on the preceding night.

He is a good listener.

Now and then he interjects a question on some point where he seeks more light.

The story is told.

Mr. Morton wastes no time, for he is used to dealing with important subjects.

"I give you full authority to deal with this matter as you see best. When you have accomplished your end, come and see me. Take this as a retainer in the meantime."

I glance at the clock.

Five minutes of my half-hour remain.

"You must help me, sir."

"In what way?"

"First of all, tell everybody that to-morrow afternoon you expect to dine with your friend Beers on his steam yacht, and that it is even possible you may take a little run down the coast with him."

"You can count on that."

"Then, again, you will leave your office here at three in the afternoon?"

"Yes."

"Your coupé or carriage calls for you?"

"I have a vehicle."

"You will ride to a certain address I shall leave with you, and then go into an office, proceeding home later in another vehicle."

"What becomes of my own?"

"It will take your double down to the river at the foot of Fourteenth street, where a boat from the *Clytic* will be waiting."

"All is clear now."

"The yacht will leave New York that evening, sure. Of course, the more quiet you can keep for a few days after the better, but if you have any positively important engagements, fill them."

"I can leave orders with my brokers that will

cover that length of time."

"So much the better, Mr. Morton, if you can remain quietly at home. These rascals have a confederate, and when they reach Norfolk, or wherever they intend going, that party might make a break if he showed New York papers that told of your being on the Street when these men believed you to be safe on board the yacht."

"I comprehend. Such desperate schemers must be foiled in the start, or they may go to even more

troublesome methods."

I have no more to say.

Mr. Morton knows all, and is ready to co-operate with me in defeating the rascals.

No doubt he is delighted at his narrow escape from serious trouble.

He does not say so, however.

It is his way; he believes that actions speak louder than words, and when it comes to settling, the size of his check will cover all else.

I wish him good-morning, am accorded a shake of his hand, and leave the private office well satisfied with my interview with the greatest wizard Wall Street ever knew.

Things are working well.

My next step is to see Peterman.

I seek West street.

It is from one extreme to the other.

Truly, they say it is but a step from poverty to wealth, and yet in New York City a wall divides the two that few ever climb over.

Peterman is not at his home.

I manage to get an idea where I may find him, and

seek my man there.

It is the dinner hour, and Peterman works as a longshoreman when the chances of work at forty cents an hour are good.

I discover my man, seated by himself, and discuss-

ing his lunch.

At sight of me he is visibly pleased.

When he hears my proposition he accepts without even a question.

I desire that he shall know all that is expected

of him, and hence spin the yarn.

"As to pay——"

"Never mind that; you can settle later," he says,

but I insist on settling the terms.

"You are to have two dollars an hour, day and night, during all the time you are aboard the *Clytie*; do you hear that, Peterman, whether it is ten hours or three hundred."

At this the man is overwhelmed; it seems like a

soft snap to him.

He immediately throws up his job with the stevedore, and accompanies me.

We go direct to the office of my friend, the ship-

ping agent.

Here we sign for the *Clytie*, Peterman under his own name, while I assumed one.

We were to go aboard by noon of the following

day, certain.

So much for that business.

I part from Peterman.

Another task lies before me, one that is apt to give some trouble.

Where can I find the man who so much resembles

Jay Morton?

Will he undertake the job?

I believe he is daring enough, and fond of adventure in his way.

But will he accept—can I find him?

These things worry me a little, and until the question is settled I will not feel easy.

I soon get upon his track.

He is a man called Jerry Gardner.

In the past he has been a reporter upon one of the morning papers, and is known as a regular Bohemian in his way.

When he wears his beard he is wonderfully like the great Wall Street magnate, even to the peculiarity

of features.

I wonder whether Jerry has shaved with the advent of warm weather—such a thing, although small in itself, would break up my plans altogether.

Jerry is a hard man to corner.

Now you think you have him, and, then, like the Irishman's flea, he isn't there.

Several times I get track of him, but as the afternoon wears away, I find, to my disgust, that he has not yet turned up.

This threatens to bring disaster on my game. I cannot see my way clear without Jerry.

As evening approaches, I resolve to make a su-

preme effort to corner my man.

There is a certain restaurant in Park Row that he frequents—a cellar restaurant, which, modest in appearance, has gained a great reputation on account of the wonderful coffee served there.

In these later days it is known as a beanery, but ten years ago was dignified by the name of Hitch-

cock's.

Here many newspaper men snatch their meals, day and night, as it is never closed.

I have seen Jerry at this place.

It is very possible I may find him here, and I determine to look.

While I eat I watch the doors, and see many men come down, but for a long time my wait is fruitless.

CHAPTER CLXIII.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

The clock on the wall shows just twelve minutes of seven when I feel a sudden sense of relief pass

My man has come in.

I am doubly pleased, for Jerry looks the same as

of vore.

Evidently he enjoys the sensation of being stared at on the street, and have people point him out as the great operator on Wall Street.

This happens half a score of times a day as regu-

larly as clock work.

He is about to pass me by, when I catch hold of his arm and detain him.

I have a small table; there is just room for two, and, recognizing me, Jerry accepts.

"Some time since I saw you, Caleb," he says.

"Yes; I've been in this place just an hour and eight minutes, waiting for you."

'For me?" surprised.

"Yes. When you helped me in that Harper matter, a year ago, Jerry, you made a deep impression on me. I always wondered why you didn't change off and play detective at times. It is a more profitable business than newspaper work."

This is a base piece of business. I am playing my cards to get Jerry in a good humor, and it is no secret that the average man is susceptible to flattery,

just as much as a woman.

All you have to do is to smooth his feathers the right way.

Besides, few men can withstand being told that they would make good detectives, for this, of course, implies deep cunning and penetration, besides a knowledge of human nature.

Jerry grins, just as I expect.

"I see what you're giving me, Caleb, but, when I think of it, I did do remarkably well on that mysterious Harper case, for a greenhorn."

"No question about it."

"What are you up to now?"

I mean to be frank with Jerry. It is the best way with a man of his style.

"I have a case on hand—a very important one, indeed-and whether I can put it through or not depends entirely on you."

"On me! Why do you say that?"

"Because I mean it."

"Won't some other man do?"

"I don't know of a living man who will answer my purpose but Jerry Gardner."

This tickles him still more.

"I suppose, under these circumstances, I'll have to accept offhand."

I wish to bind him hand and foot, and take a rather singular way to do it.

Opposition sometimes cements where other tactics would fail.

"The work is a delicate piece of business. It would require great acting and no little bravery.'

"If you didn't think I was the man to suit, you'd never have hunted me up."

"Jerry, you're right to a dot."

"Now, since I've pledged my services in this open manner, even before hearing what the lay is, suppose you tell me why I am the man."

"Because of your mug."

"What's my face got to do with it?"

"Everything. It's your passport. You know you resemble some one very much."

"Jay Morton!" with a start.

"Yes."

"Is he interested in this deal?"

"He is, decidedly."

"Then count me in. I've suffered a good deal for his sake; met with all kinds of adventures because I look like him, and perhaps some of my short comings have been laid on his shoulders. This is a good chance to even up. Yes, count me in."

The next step is to tell him the game.

We chance to be in a corner of the hashery. It can hardly be called that, either, for I have selected the table for a purpose.

No one is near enough to catch what we say, and, by leaning across the table as we eat, we can talk in a confidential way.

So I tell Jerry the story.

He, being a reporter, grasps the idea immediately,

and sees what a sensation such a thing would make if published.

From the start he was intensely interested.

As I proceed with the details, he shows faint traces of excitement, although by nature about as cool a man as Jay Morton himself.

When the story is finished, he reaches over and

grasps my hand in a savage grip.

"I repeat it, friend Caleb—count me in."

"Then you are with me?"

"Heart and soul."
"It's a great game."

"Suits me to a dot. Depend on it, for once in my

life, I'll play the part of Jay Morton to a dot."

"No doubt of it. There's one thing I neglected to tell you. The man called Caldwell, who has gone in with Beers on this subject, is a man I have long desired to trap—a desperate outlaw from Missouri."

"Not Jesse James?"
"The very man."

Jerry makes no reply, but I am surprised to see his race show signs of anger.

Has he met the notorious outlaw before?

"You know him, Jerry?" I ask.

"I have met him some years back, when I was a smooth-faced youngster."

"And you have reason to dislike him?"

"How do you know that?"
"Your face gives you away."

"Well, I have met him, and have cause to hate him, but it doesn't matter now."

"At any rate, it won't cause you to draw out?"

He laughs bitterly.

"On the contrary, I am all the more determined to stay in. Revenge is sweet, you know. This Jesse James won before—it may be my turn now."

I see that Jerry is settled there. No fear of his

backing out, I guess.

We talk on.

It is a quarter to eight when the two rise, and, settling at the counter, pass out.

Everything has been said.

The detective appoints a meeting at noon on the following day to have a last talk before he goes on board the *Clytie* as one of the crew.

Perhaps he will get in hot water, because of his lack of knowledge concerning things nautical, but

he knows how to fix that.

A little bribe and a cock-and-a-bull story will blind the captain of the yacht, and he will deal easy with the new seaman until he can learn.

Trust Caleb Black for knowing how to pull the

wool over another man's eyes.

He is there every time—pardon the egotism.

So Jerry goes his way.

My next move is to make a bee-line for my rooms. Reaching them, I throw myself on a cot, and for six mortal hours I know nothing.

CHAPTER CLXIV.

MORNING'S PLOTTING.

After that comes breakfast.

Then I am ready for the work of the day.

Preparations are made. I get a sailor's bag, and put some things into it.

Then I hunt up my comrades on the venture, and

find them at the rendezvous.

The whole story is gone over with in detail, so that there will be no occasion for a mistake.

At eleven we separate.

I deposit my check in bank, fix a few little matters, and make my will, for there can be no telling whether I will ever come back alive.

These men are as bad as the old pirates of the Spanish Main, and if my identity is discovered, I look for no mercy.

Such men as Jesse James do not have such a word in their vocabulary.

At length all is ready.

I meet Peterman at the place appointed, and we head for the place where the boat from the steam yacht was to be in waiting.

Acting under my instructions, Peterman had se-

cretly armed himself.

There would be three of us, at least, and when that number are untied they can accomplish wonders at times.

Signals have been arranged whereby we can communicate with each other when some of the enemy are around.

These things have been settled in order to provide against emergencies.

We reach the dock.

A small cedar craft is secured there, and two sailormen lounge about.

There is no need of questions.

At the bow and stern of the cedar boat floats a blue burgee, upon which, in gold letters, I can easily discover the name, *Clytie*.

A few words pass between us.

Then we drop into the boat, and as the two men let fall and give way we shoot out upon the bosom of the North River.

The light craft speeds over the waves like a thing of life, and presently we are at the side of the steam yacht.

I am reminded of my adventure here less than

forty hours previous.

Upon going forward, Peterma

Upon going forward, Peterman and myself are shown our bunks.

The captain, upon setting us at different tasks, soon discovers that I am not proficient.

He sees me endeavor to do my best, but the bungling manner in which I do my work tells the story very quickly.

"Black, come here," he says, at length.

I follow him to the bow, knowing what is coming; but I have no fear.

The captain is just the man I can wind about my finger with a cock-and-bull story, especially when money backs me up.

Being prepared for this emergency, I have no rea-

son to fear the result.

"See here, Black; you shipped for an able seaman, didn't you?" he asks.

I grin, and answer respectfully.

"What do you mean by it? Man alive, you know nothing about your work."

"I admit it, captain."

"Then explain why you are here."

I omit the oaths with which this accomplished son of Neptune embellished his speech.

"Captain, I have a strange story to tell you. First

of all, accept this from me."

I placed a double-eagle in his hand, at which he stares in amazement.

"In the first place, I am a rich man, captain, and would think nothing of buying this boat as a present for a man I took a fancy to."

His hard face becomes pleasant at once; he evi-

dently thinks I refer to him.

"I am Austen Sage, the millionaire, but I have enemies who pursue me; it is to their interest that am put out of the way within the next month.

"The idea came to me that I might escape them by shipping under an assumed name on some vessel; besides, the sea voyage would do my health good.

"By accident I was hired on this yacht. The pay I to get is a mere nothing to me, and I would be

obliged if you would accept it.

"True, I am not much of a sailor, but I am willing to learn, and surely there must be many things I could do on board, such as waiting on the owner and working around the cabins."

"Ay, ay, plenty to do, my dear sir; but this is the oddest trick I ever steered. A rich millionaire on

board, working as a sailor!"

The captain is plainly knocked all in a heap.

At the same time I have landed my fish.

The sight of a gold hook generally does cause many a shrewd man to become foolish.

From this time on, I will be able to handle him

pretty much as I wish.

"Captain, you will not give my secret to a living soul?" I demand, eagerly.

"Not I. It ain't every day we have a millionaire aboard with us."

"And you will treat me just as though I were an ordinary seaman?"

"Do you want me to?"

"Certainly, or some one will guess the truth."

"All right, Black, all right," looking again at the gold piece I have presented him with and grinning with extreme pleasure.

The dreaded interview is ended.

I have won.

My fish is not only hooked but landed. No danger of his getting away now.

After that the captain takes especial pains to pick me out certain tasks.

If I do not know how to do them he shows me the way on the sly.

He is very partial.

That hint about my being able to make a present of a steam yacht, and not feel it has evidently created a deep impression on his mind.

Perhaps he hopes that such an eccentric individual as Austen Sage may take a notion to follow the gift

of a golden eagle with a steamer.

The time passes.

It is drawing near the hour when the grand stroke is about to be made.

I watch the boat leave the yacht and pull for the New York shore—we are anchored just above Fourteenth street, and can see the ferryboats going in and out of the Christopher street slips.

The boat draws up and the men debark.

At half-past three, while shining some brass work near the cabin skylight, I see a closed vehicle appear on the dock, a man gets out and the carriage vanishes—it is the vehicle used by the great Wall Street operator day after day.

CHAPTER CLXV.

JAY MORTON KIDNAPPED.

The man who left the carriage, even when seen at a distance, I recognize.

He walks toward the two sailors.

"Yes, it's Jay Morton," says a voice, and, turning my head, I see Raymond Beers standing with Jesse James beside him.

The former has a glass, which he has leveled at the shore nearly opposite.

"And alone?" asks his companion.

"Entirely so."

"Then our game has a fair prospect of success."

"Decidedly so. Luck favors us."

"All is ready here."

"Yes. The wine is fixed—that is, I have a glass doctored so that when I pour wine in it he will get the benefit of it and sleep inside of an hour. At any rate he'll be in a mood to take a little run with us.'

They seem happy in the thought that their stupendous scheme is giving prospects of proving a success in the end.

Meanwhile the solitary man has entered the boat, which is speeding along over the waves.

In a short time he will be on board.

An elegant little collation is ready in the cabin,

and the captain, taking my hint, has selected me to wait upon them.

He knows none of the other men are acquainted with the rudiments of such things, and will make a spectacle of themselves, so he is only too glad to let me have a chance to redeem myself.

This suits me.

I want to give Jerry the tip, so that he can understand what he is to do.

Nearer comes the boat.

At length it comes alongside.

The passenger draws himself aboard without any particular trouble.

He is immediately met by Beers.

"Welcome on board, Mr. Morton"-shaking hands; "my friend, Commodore Dawson, of the Royal Yacht Club, of England."

Jesse James bows gravely.

"Charmed to meet you, Mr. Morton."

They chat a few minutes.

Then Beers suggested showing his honored guest over the steam yacht.

They move away.

I finish my task and go off to dress as the captain has ordered me, so that I may wait upon them in the cabin.

The cook's acquaintance I have already made, and am wise enough to humor the old fellow, knowing how wise such a course is.

To be on the right side of the cook during a voyage is one of the biggest bonanzas that can fall to a chap, for he is a greater man than the captain on board-every man yields him willing obedience, for he has the power to cut their rations short at any time.

They go over the whole boat.

The man known as Jay Morton expresses the liveliest interest in everything, and asks numerous questions about things.

At length they descend to the cabin.

I have been there before them.

It is a comfortable place, indeed, and a ravishing lunch has been brought on board for the occasion, being prepared by Delmonico, though no one has been kept to serve it, such being the wish of the yachtsman.

Feeling that I have a minute or two to spare, I bend over a silver tray on a sideboard fastened against the bulkhead.

This salver has a bottle of wine opened, and three very fine cut-glass goblets.

Remembering what I heard, I glance into these glasses, and readily distinguish that one of them has a few minute particles of some white powder lying at the bottom.

It would hardly be noticed unless attention were especially called to it.

Quick as thought I empty it out and wipe the goblet out immediately.

This is not all.

I take a small pinch of powdered sugar from the

bowl and drop it into the glass.

Thus Raymond Beers will continue to believe that his plans are working well, and if I can manage to signal to my ally, he can feign to have received the benefit of the drug without accepting its demoralizing influences.

They soon come in.

Now, I have never had the honor of serving my country in the capacity of a waiter, but I happen to

be a man equal to anything.

I have watched the members of the craft so often with admiration at the marvelous manner in which they perform their work that I believe I may do a little something that way myself.

At any rate I am accustomed to the habits of good

society, and quick to take a hint.

Skipper Beers will, no doubt, be glad to find he has such a handy man aboard.

The cabins and staterooms now come in for their

share of examination.

Mr. Morton is not lavish in his praise—that is no his style—but he says simply that he is pleased, and the men who know him are aware that this means a great deal.

Then Beers invites him to luncheon—will take no

refusal, and they sit down.

"We roving yachtsmen do not fare so well as you landsmen in the way of fine dinners, but we possess appetites that never fail us," declares the yachtowner.

I now find my duties begin.

By watching Beers closely, I know what he wants me to handle.

All the time my eyes are open.

Whatever they say I catch and remember.

Before long Beers begs his illustrious guest to ac

company them on a short trip.

To this Jay Morton replies that he would be de lighted at any other time, but just now he can hardly accept—the market is still flurried, although it has calmed down considerably after the raid made upor it by the big operators.

This settles one matter. The powder will be used.

If Mr. Morton refuses to go willingly, then he must be persuaded by other means.

Trickery will come into play.

He may know all about the various games prac ticed in Wall Street, and yet be ignorant of the snak that lurks in the grass.

I wait until Jerry catches my eye.

Then I wink three times.

He knows what that means, for we have arrange it all beforehand.

The elegant wine he may drink with impunity, as he must play his part later, making out to be very sleepy.

Beers now beckons to him.

"The wine!" he says.

I put the salver beside me.

"Mr. Morton, this is the finest liquid money can buy in the world. A thousand dollars a gallon could not purchase more than a limited number of bottles. I want your opinion of it."

"I shall be pleased to taste it, and give you my opinion, but I do not pretend to be a connoisseur,"

replies Mr. Morton, pleasantly.

Jerry evidently believes himself to be in luck to be taken for the millionaire and treated to wine that is worth its weight in gold.

He may never have such an opportunity again,

and means to make the most of it.

I am watching Beers.

He hastily pours out a glass, selecting the one that

has the powder in the goblet.

Poor fool! what nonsense to be excited over the fact that a pinch of sugar lies there; but he believes it to be a more potent article.

I enjoy the situation, as I have the bearings of the

inside track.

No one can thoroughly appreciate the situation without having such a guide.

This glass, placed on the salver, I am instructed to

take to Mr. Morton.

He endeavors to get his neighbor to take it, but this honor the "commodore" positively refuses.

Not for a round sum would he drain that glass, because he believes it holds something that will steal one's mind away.

When all are served, the glasses meet over the center of the table with a merry "clink," and then

each tastes the celebrated vintage.

Jerry is loud in his praises.

He knows good wine when he tastes it, despite his argument to the contrary.

When the wine has been emptied, at the earnest solicitation of his host, he has it replenished.

The conversation around the table all this time has

been of a suitable nature.

Of course, Mr. Morton is interested in the steam yacht, and makes various inquiries about the vessel, showing that he has already about made up his mind to have one for use on the Hudson and adjacent waters.

They chat of the intended cruise Beers means to take along the coast to the South, spending the winter between Pamlico Sound and the Florida coast.

After a while cigars are brought in.

These are fine weeds.

Beers has bought the best money could purchase, and I really enjoy the odor.

I am pretending to clear away some of the things,

but in reality, am desirous of catching Jerry's eye and giving him the signal.

It is about time that drugged wine was beginning

to work.

Beers has been watching his guest closely for the last five minutes.

Evidently he believes the same.

When I have given Jerry the signal he comes to his senses in a hurry.

He yawns behind his hand.

A minute later he closes his eyes, and then opens them with a start, after the manner of one who is too sleepy for any good.

Again he yawns.

It is evident that the drug has a strong grip upon him, which he cannot shake off.

"I think I had better be going, gentlemen."
"Don't hurry, Mr. Morton," says Beers.

"I feel so strangely sleepy; it must be the effect of the atmosphere down here. Once on deck, I will no doubt come to myself."

This is just what they do not want.

It is their object to keep him down in the close

cabin and let the drug work.

"Before you go, sir, I want to show you the neat little cabin here, which shall be at your service should you ever consent to sail with us on a pleasure trip."

Acting in a half-silly manner, the fraudulent Jay

Morton staggers after them.

He hardly sees what he is about, apparently.

"Beautiful room—very inviting bunk; don't know when I ever saw one more tempting."

"Just try it, Mr. Morton. A patent affair; feels

softer than any spring bed ashore."

"Just as you say."

The accommodating wizard of Wall street crawls into the bunk.

It acts like magic.

He has no sooner stretched himself out along it than a peaceful look comes over his face.

His breath comes regularly.

The eyes assume a vacant expression and gradually close altogether.

He sleeps.

Beers looks at Jesse James and both grin.

Then they look back out of the cabin; the door is gently closed and then locked.

After that the two confederates shake hands.

They believe they have as a prisoner on board the smartest, and one of the richest, men in America.

Already they seem to feel the million-dollar ran-

som which they mean to demand.

I appear as sober as a judge, and attend to my duties quietly, but that is no reason that I am not laughing in my sleeve.

The whole thing is like an immense joke to me, al-

though it possesses elements of danger.

Other things must be done.

Again the boat is sent ashore—this time with a telegraphic message to be delivered at the home of Jay Morton, informing his wife that he has concluded to make a little trip with a friend, and will not be at home immediately.

When the boat returns, evening is at hand.

Already lights begin to appear about on the river as the shades of night settle down, and the time has come to leave New York Harbor.

CHAPTER CLXVI.

BOUND OUT TO SEA.

Had a good chance appeared whereby we might have accomplished our work immediately, I would not have waited days in order to do it, for they would bring me many discomforts, as I was not built for a sailor.

Things at this time, however, are not in a condition for a general "rounding up."

The crew are scattered about, and our forces far

from being united.

Peterman is forward at work, Jerry in a small cabin, locked in and supposed to be under the influence of a drug, while I myself have duties that keep me away from them both.

Hence, I am not prepared to bring the affair to a

sudden climax.

To attempt it would bring ruin.

Again we must wait.

The opportunity we long for will be placed in our hands before a great while, and then a grand surprise awaits Jesse James & Co.

I pass on deck.

When a thing is rendered impossible with me I never spend time in lamenting the fact.

Such action is useless and fruitless.

I look upon it as childish, and always endeavor to

make the most of a bad bargain.

So, having decided to defer my plans until we are in a position to capture the whole lot at one fell swoop, I make up my mind to take the inevitable and enjoy things as they go along.

While on deck I notice that the engineer has

steam up.

The order comes to draw the iron tooth forward that connects us with the bottom of the North River, and away we go merrily at the little windlass arranged near the bow.

It is necessary, however, to break out the anchor,

so fast in the mud has it imbedded itself.

This is done with ease by the steam yacht, and soon the anchor is raised.

We are off!

What can be more pleasant than a ride down New York Bay during the evening?

Pleasure boats are going and returning, for Coney

Island at this time has sprung into quite a great resort during the heated term, while Long Branch and kindred Jersey seaside towns draw thousands on a hot day.

Besides, tugs flit about, ferryboats surge past, ships are seen at anchor, with here and there an English tramp steamer, riding at anchor to save wharfage dues, her cargo being brought out to her side on lighters.

The scene is one to charm the eye. New York draws farther away.

Over on the port quarter shines the lantern of a lighthouse on Robbins' Reef—flashing out, then almost diminishing, to warn incoming or outgoing mariners of the ugly shoals that mark the border of the channel.

New York Harbor looks like a magnificent sheet of water, but the upper bay is very shoal in most

places, and deceptive.

Down the bay we glide.

Finally, supper is announced.

I find that we are going to fare well on the trip, and this reconciles me to many things.

When I sit down, however, and get the smell of

things, I find that I am not so hungry.

I am not sick—oh, no! but have just lost my appetite, you know.

It is about nine o'clock when we pass Sandy Hook,

and plunge into the open sea.

The little yacht rises to the occasion, and dips to the seas that meet her.

I can only compare her actions to those of a duck, or a pelican, riding the waves.

At first the motion is exhilarating.

Then it becomes monotonous.

Finally, one grows to dislike it exceedingly—especially a greenhorn.

Turning to the port side, I see the gleam of many lights there.

That is Coney Island.

Almost dead ahead is Scotland Lightship, while we finally open up the Highland Lights on our starboard quarter.

Gradually our course is changed.

We head down the coast.

This gives us a rolling motion I do not enjoy.

The ground swell has us in its insidious clutches, and means to do us up.

About ten o'clock, I make up my mind that life is no longer worth living.

Far away over the port bow we see the lights on the Jersey shore that mark Long Branch, Ocean Grove, and kindred resorts above Barnegat.

About this time I retire to my bunk.

I have the captain's permission. He is desirous of favoring me, for I manage to slip another golden eagle into his itching palm.

It is worth any amount of money to me at this particular time to have rest.

I soon lose consciousness.

The night slips away.

I wake up several times and think how strange my situation is, cooped up in a little bunk, and out at sea, tossing up and down.

Sleep is a factor that I have pretty good control

over, and hence I make fine use of my time.

Morning comes.

I get up, and in five minutes lean over the lee rail saluting old Neptune.

After that I am all right.

It seems that perhaps nature did intend me for a sailor after all.

As the day grows on apace I feel delighted and exhilarated; the fact that the little yacht plunges makes no difference to me; truth to tell, I rather enjoy her wildest flights, and hope she will take it into her head to do it again.

Poor Jerry is as sick as a dog.

I go in to see him a number of times, and do several little things for him.

He lies on the wonderfully easy cot with his face turned to the wall, and does not seem to care whether

school keeps or not. I reckon just then Jerry feels like kicking himself for accepting my offer, and coming on this singular trip, but he is a newspaper man and accustomed to being found in various places, for in these days of enterprise, a reporter has to be equal to the climbing of the Matterhorn, the voyage to the Arctic Seas, or a journey to the heart of equatorial Africa.

Let him suffer.,

It will give him a new experience. During the morning it clouds up.

The atmosphere grows heavy.

While in the cabin I see the skipper and owner consulting the costly barometer.

It appears that the mercury has gone down considerably, and it is close to twenty-nine.

This means a storm.

I listen eagerly.

It is soon decided that we must run for the Delaware Breakwater near Lewes.

They had a good chance of reaching it before the storm broke, while it would be utterly impossible to fetch Norfolk.

The only other thing left would be to stand out to sea, and in such a small craft this is something that even the skipper does not like, although he would do it rather than take any chances upon that dreadful coast where so many gallant barks have left their

So we head for Lewes.

It is well on to noon as we approach the great

stone wall built by the government, and which, finished just about eighteen hundred and seventy-six, has been forty years in the course of building.

CHAPTER CLXVII.

PLAYED WELL.

Our little yacht rides at her anchorage in perfect

safety.

Even if the billows roll completely over the stone pile, we do not apprehend that we would lose our hold on the sand.

Thus the afternoon is merged into night.

Darkness comes much sooner than is its wont at this time of year, on account of the inky pall over our heads.

During the night the storm keeps up, and when

morning breaks I have not slept a great deal.

The seas have grown heavier, and are even washing far over the stone pile.

It seems as though the storm had taken a new

lease of life at daybreak.

The captain informs me that this is the center of the storm, and that during the day it will gradually grow lighter.

That means we must remain where we are until the next day, for the sea will not be down until then.

Perhaps we can wind up the whole business at this place.

Much depends on their plans.

If they decide to force matters we may take a hand in that game ourselves.

Two can work at it.

I see Jerry from time to time.

He plays his part well.

Had Jay Morton in person been there, and in that position, he could not have been more natural.

During the day they bring him on deck to look at

the storm.

While there they watch him closely to make sure that he does not communicate with any neighboring craft.

Evidently the captive millionaire realizes that he is in the hands of desperate men.

He believes it policy not to anger them.

As yet they have not declared their purpose to him only in hints which he cannot fail to understand, but he takes it all calmly. Coolness is supposed to be the main feature in the great stock speculator's makeup that has been his means of success. He never lets anything flurry him, and thus often wrings a victory out of a seeming defeat.

Again the day closes.

The storm is over. Blue skies take the place of the awful clouds, and

the wind works into the southwest. In the morning there will be a grand exodus of vessels from the harbor behind the stone pile, each speeding upon the mission that has been interrupted by the storm.

Lights appear on board our yacht.

We ride easily on the tide, and upon the night air come strains of music from several of the oyster boats, where the darky crews make merry with the banjo over the coming of good weather.

Your genuine darky is very mercurial, his spirits

rising and falling with the barometer.

From certain indications, I am of the opinion that the plotters mean to introduce the game to-night.

They may finish it in Norfolk.

Jay Morton eats supper with them.

His appetite is good, even if he is a prisoner held for ransom.

Very little talking is done.

It is business that attracts them now.

I have made a discovery during the day, which I mean to utilize.

This is what it is:

Next to the cabin is a room used for some purpose, I know not what, but it is kept locked by the

I make guarded inquiries, and find out that in it are kept a number of things the owner wishes to have under lock and key, such as the cannon and ammunition with which salutes are fired, signal flags, and other articles.

Upon examination, I find that this small den is only separated from the cabin by a thin partition, and I have an idea that any one in there may hear what passes beyond.

At the first chance I get I try a skeleton key I

have in the lock.

The door opens.

I pass in, and gently close it.

Already I have heard the cabin door shut, and the key turned in the lock.

My first thought was of the skylight, but a glance had shown me that it was closed.

Besides, some one would see me lying on deck near it, and suspect my intentions.

I soon realize that I have done well.

The partition is thin.

I find that light comes through in several places, and while listening amuse myself by using my knife

in enlarging a crack.

This I can do without attracting attention, for I cut very gently, and there is always a certain amount of creaking about the timbers of a vessel at anchor where the tide runs.

When I have the hole large enough, I see that

Beers and Jesse James are alone.

They sit at a table.

The former has paper, pen and ink near at hand, and seems bent upon having some use made of them.

"We will try it," he says, a moment after I clap

my eye upon them, and as he speaks he rises to his

I understand what he means.

He walks over to the little stateroom that has been given over to the use of their distinguished, though unwilling, guest.

"Mr. Morton!" opening the door.

"Well?"

"You are wanted in the cabin."

Perhaps the great capitalist is not used to being addressed in this unceremonious manner, but under certain conditions even the haughtiest of men bow to the inevitable, and kiss the rod.

He comes out.

With his arms folded he looks at the two men who are to be regarded as his enemies.

"What is it you wish?"

"Your signature, Mr. Morton." The firm lips come closer together.

"That is something you may have trouble in getting," he replies.

Beers smiles.

Jesse James scowls.

The latter has a way of his own for meeting argument like this; he would cover the other's head with a revolver, and demand to know whether he would rather write his name or lose his brains.

Beers has another way.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Morton. You will do anything we ask, even to putting your private mark on the checks you draw."

"You seem confident, Beers."

"I know you, sir, and I know our intentions. Life is sweet to you-what is a million in comparison with it?"

"A million?"

"Yes; that is the amount we are determined you

shall pay for your freedom."

"As you say, I am a reasonable and sensible man. You have played a clever trick and deserve success. I can admire a bold game of this sort as well as anybody, even when it is played at my own expense."

The two men look at each other.

They grin.

Surely they will have no trouble in getting what they desire.

"But I imagine you have gone into this thing without due forethought."

"Not at all," says Beers.

"You have not considered that I have foreseen some such thing as this long ago, and made certain preparations to prevent success."

The Missouri outlaw can hold back no longer.

He believes he knows the only way in which a man can be forced into doing what he has made up his mind not to accomplish.

"See here, Mr. Morton!"

"Ah! commodore, what can I do for you?"

"Commodore be hanged! Out in Missouri where I came from, when a man thinks he doesn't care to do a thing, we have a way of influencing him."

With this he draws out a pistol—a dangerous-

looking revolver.

No man living could handle such a weapon more gracefully; his manner of using it had made him notorious along the border.

"You are from Missouri, then, commodore?"

"Yes; and perhaps I've had some dealings with railroad property of yours out there."

"Indeed!"

"You will bear me out when I affirm that I always get there. My name is Jesse James."

He speaks it carelessly, and yet in a way that tells his personal pride in being the terror of the Western railroads and banks.

Jerry looks at him with interest.

"This is indeed a pleasure. I have never expected to meet you, Mr. James, unless I happened along when some Western sheriff had a little engagement with you."

Instead of getting angry, the other laughs.

"No sheriff has had that pleasure yet, and if I have my way no one will. But this ain't to the point. My friend here desires that you sign him a certain number of checks upon banks where he knows you have large deposits. You will oblige him by putting your name there," pointing to the table where the papers lie.

Jerry is in something of a hole.

I do not know how much he has practiced the well-known signature of Jay Morton; perhaps long enough to make a very good off-hand imitation of it now, for Jerry is a clever penman.

He may doubt his ability to succeed, and yet how

is he to get out of the scrape.

I know him to be ingenious, and if he had to deal with Beers alone, do not doubt but what he would secure a postponement of the affair.

Jesse James is a factor in the game, however, who

will not be put back.

"You forget another thing, gentleman. The drug you put in my wine, and the subsequent attack of seasickness has made my hand shake, and you can see for yourselves," holding it up and disclosing a trembling admirably assumed, "so that my signature might be faulty."

"We don't care for that, Mr. Morton, if you will only get that private mark of yours on checks; that will make them as good as gold at the different

banks."

The prisoner bites his lips as though he sees no means of escape.

"Gentlemen, if you insist I shall have to do as you

say, but I warn you that even with my private mark on them these checks may be refused at the banks."

"We have a plan prepared between us, by which we can overcome that. Sign this, Mr. Morton!"

CHAPTER CLXVIII.

CHECKS FOR A MILLION.

Jerry, in a seeming reluctant manner, seats himself at the table.

The vessel is comparatively quiet now, so that

nothing stands in the way.

He takes up a pen.

In a moment a check for two hundred and thirtythree thousand, four hundred and seven dollars, and sixty-five cents, is signed.

I hear him read the odd amount out.

It gives it a more business look.

"Now for the private mark."

Jerry, with confidence, makes a diminutive cross in the corner of the check farthest away from the signature.

I chance to know that he has never seen Jay Morton's private mark, and is utterly in the dark as to its nature, but these newspaper men are never to be taken aback.

It satisfies Beers and his ally. They examine the check.

"That will do," comparing it with one which Beers holds, and which he has managed to secure through some strategy.

"Now for the other checks, Mr. Morton."

These are for various amounts. -

In the aggregate they make a round million.

It is astonishing how Beers has been able to tell what balances the great operator has in each bank, for his checks are made out in such a way as to come below that balance.

When I learn this fact later on from the lips of Jay Morton himself, I give Beers credit for more shrewdness than ever before.

He must have done some clever work in New York City just before springing the trap.

The five checks are all signed.

On each appears the little cross, supposed to be the private sign of "o. k." by Jay Morton, and which would only be noticed on inspection.

The prisoner is about to arise.

"Wait, Mr. Morton; we are not near done."

"You have about used up my balances. I don't see how you can get any more juice from the orange,

squeeze as you may."

"We only mean to make sure of what we have. You stated a while ago that possibly these checks might not be honored, even though they have your private mark. Now, write a few lines to the president and cashier of each bank, desiring that they

honor the checks immediately—that your very life depends upon the matter."

"That will excite suspicion—your messenger may

be followed by a detective."

"Let them follow. These letters will only be used in case they refuse the checks. One or more may be deposited in my bank, and go through in the regular routine business."

"Write the letters, Mr. Morton. We will take the chances of being followed," said Jesse James.

"Ah! you are to be the messenger?"

"I reckon I'll be there when the money is handed over. I've trusted comrades before now and been deceived, so I don't want to be left out in the cold in this handsome deal."

"Well, gentlemen, I have written the lettersare you done with me now?"

"For the present, yes."

"I warn you that some hitch may come up in this affair-you must not hold me responsible for it."

Jesse James scowls.

"We will hold you strictly responsible for it. Now is the time, if there is anything that can be done to make the payment of these checks more certain, and it will pay you to attend to it, for if trouble comes it will fall on you. In the mercantile world and on Wall street, Mr. Morton, you may be a king, but when you are face to face with Jesse James, you are no better than any other man who draws breath, and more than one has dropped because he deceived me." Jerry smiles pleasantly.

"You will have no occasion to drop me, Jesse James. I hope all will go well, and that you may succeed in your undertaking, since it is to my in-

terest that it goes off well."

"Rightly spoken. I admire the spirit in which you take this thing, sir. It isn't many men who would laugh as you do when being squeezed for a million

or so."

"I've got used to being squeezed in the street. There we have no mercy on a man who is down on his luck. Besides, you know, there's many a slip between the cup and the lip. I am in hopes that something will occur to soften your hearts, and that you will gladly put me ashore, even if you collect but a portion of the toll," and, with another peculiar smile, the fraudulent Jay Morton again enters his little stateroom, leaving the conspirators.

They examine the checks and the letters, making comments on them, and dividing the plunder, one taking two that about make half the amount, the other placing the remaining three in his pocket.

Then they talk for a while longer.

I have evidently seen all that will be done this night, and might as well get out of the small apart-

This I do.

Unfortunately my exit is seen by one party, whom I recognize at a glance.

It is the captain.

I make no attempt to lock the door, and pretend not to see him, but look around me in surprise.

Then, muttering at my foolishness, I open the cabin door, which has been unlocked meanwhile, and enter as though that has been my intention, when, by mistake, I got in at the wrong door.

I make some excuse for my entrance by asking if

anything is needed, and then back out.

"That new fellow is a fool," I hear the man from Missouri say.

"But he knew how to wait on table class," Beers remarks.

I would like to hear more, but the opportunity is not given me.

When I am outside the cabin the captain is lying in wait for me.

He pounces upon me at once.

"A few words with you, Mr. Caleb Black."

He leads me to his own stateroom.

I will have to exercise my ingenuity still more in order to get out of this mess.

If the skipper is still credulous I may succeed in accomplishing it with flying colors.

The captain closes the door and locks it.

So small is the room that we are within a few feet of each other when he sits on the edge of the bunk and faces me.

Now for the fun.

"Mr. Black, it was a strange story you told me when you came aboard."

"At the time I owned up to it; if you want any

proof, perhaps I could give it to you."

At this he seems to be somewhat set back and dismisses that part of the subject.

"Mr. Black, you have been about this vessel

enough to know it, I should think."

At this I look confused and laugh a little. "I thought I did, captain, and yet I walked into a closet of some sort a while back, fell over a little cannon in there, and nearly broke my neck before I discovered that it was not the cabin."

Thus I take the wind out of his sails.

He cannot explode his bomb under my feet.

"I saw you come out."

"Sorry for that, captain; I don't want to appear a fool in your eyes."

"You might appear worse," significantly.

"How is that, captain?"

"What if I accused you of being a spy on board this vessel?"

"I would indignantly deny the accusation-repel

it with deepest scorn.'

"That is well said, but it does not remove my doubts. You are unfortunate, Mr. Black."

"In what?"

"Your name."

A plague on the luck that induced me to use my wn name, believing that no one concerned had ever eard it.

This scores one against me.

A few moves like that and I will be checkmated, if do not ward off the attack.

"It is an honest one, captain."

"Yes, but I have remembered where I heard it before. It came to me like a flash when I saw you oming out of that closet."

"Indeed!"

"Caleb Black is one of the best-known detectives

n New York City."

"Is he, indeed? Well, do you mean that you beieve he may be a relation of mine?"

"A very near one; in truth, I am of the opinion that you are the Caleb Black I speak of, the New York detective."

They say murder will out.

Sometimes this is not quite true, as I have known of many a dark crime that has gone unpunished.

It is a saying, however, and goes.

The cat is out of the bag with me, and I realize it

as well as any one.

No matter how I may patch the thing up, the

captain will suspect me.

Heroic measures are often best; surgeons will cut

a limb off to save a life.

Better to hobble on one leg than lose everything.

My decision comes suddenly, and yet I have thought over this matter before.

"Captain, you've struck it."
"Eh? What d'ye mean?"

"I am Caleb Black, the detective."

His face shows mingled feelings—fear, consternation, anger, all are there.

"You confess that?"

"I own it to you for a purpose."
"What do you want here?"
"That is my business, captain."

"Well, you're a cool one. Don't you know that at a word from me the men on this boat would throw

you overboard?"

"I know nothing of the kind. In the first place, I am well armed and lightning on the shoot. More than one of your mess would turn up his toes, even if I were alone here, before I gave the thing over.

"But I have friends on board, the presence of

whom you little suspect.

"Your master, the owner, is one. Have you any suspicion who his friend Caldwell really is?"

The skipper shakes his head.

"You've heard of Jesse James, the outlaw?"

"Well, I reckon."

"Caldwell is that man. He and Beers were our chums out West, and Beers got away with a lot of plunder they owned between them.

"Jesse James has discovered his old pard, and is clinging to him like a leech, much to the disgust of your master.

"I am here to trap Jesse James at the first opportunity, and relieve Beers of his presence. Do you

understand all that, captain?"

"Plain as daylight."

"Beers has given me positive orders not to tell a living soul, and on that account you had better say nothing, lest the plan falls through, and you receive the blame."

The captain bites well.

That name, Jesse James, is one to conjure with,

and it has affected him.

"This is even more astonishing as a story than the other yarn, Black. Bless my eyes, I think I had better go and have a private interview with Beers to set all straight."

"And ruin our plans; for he told me that if a living sould heard the truth, Jesse James was bound to get it, and he's the man to murder us all in cold blood."

"I'll be exceedingly careful, Black, so as to keep it

from the fellow."

"You will remain as quiet as a mouse, and not

open your mouth to a living soul."

"The devil! You forget who you're talking to. If you are an accursed detective, I'm the master on board this boat."

"You mistake-you are the captain, but I'm your

master, Robert Leslie."

"Death and furies! that name—it isn't mine. I knew a Robert Leslie once, but I am Captain William Shackleford."

"Your true name is Leslie; you committed a forgery five years ago. I have the papers that prove it. They lie in the hands of the authorities in New York, with instructions to open them unless I telegraph certain words from Norfolk. Obey me, do exactly as I desire, Robert Leslie, and I swear to place those damning papers in your hands for destruction."

CHAPTER CLXIX.

"BOAT AHOY!"

The man looks at me.

Upon his face can be seen a look such as might stamp a tiger of the jungle when cornered—a look of despair mingled with ferocity.

I have no fear as to the result.

When I get a man upon the hip I generally know it, and feel confident that he is safe.

My proposition gives hope, too. That is the bait which catches.

After silence of nearly a minute's duration, he speaks, in a husky tone:

"You have me at your mercy, Caleb Black. Do you mean all you say?"

"Every word, captain. I never say a thing I don't mean. You have your choice. Take one side, and your arrest for forgery, perhaps something else, follows, for full particulars are given with the papers about my intended journey, and you will be held responsible for my safety.

"On the other hand, if you decide to do as I wish, I will be your friend; you will not be held responsible for the great crime which these men are plotting, and I will put in your hands the papers that hang over you. Now, once for all, your course?"

He is lost in thought.

Of course, he is weighing his chances.

"Remember, a man can't serve two masters. You are either for or against me. Which shall it be? You will lose nothing in pay. I will see to it that your salary as the skipper of this craft goes on for the season, just as before."

This is the last straw.

It breaks the camel's back.

There are too many advantages on one side for him to resist.

"Mr. Black, I am yours." "Without reserve, captain?"

"You can count on me. I generally know which side of my bread is buttered, and, in this case, your proposition takes me by storm. I will do all that you wish, and trust to your word."

"It was never broken, Captain Shackelford. You will never regret it."

Then I talk with him a little longer.

He does not know the plans of the two men, although he can partly guess them.

They should have taken him into their confidence, and he would not have been so ready to go back on his word.

That is where the shoe pinches.

All along he has felt sore about it, and when placed in this dilemma he chooses the portion I offer, partly from pique.

I give him a certain amount of information which both astonishes and pleases him, for he feels that he has a part in the game.

Some men who cannot read human nature make mistakes by not trusting those who work for them, and the consequence is that the latter are held in restraint, and feel that they are suspected of incapacity or treachery.

The captain becomes even enthusiastic before I have finished.

He realizes the good case I have.

The fact that another has taken the place of the great wizard of Wall street, and that it is not Jay Morton at all whom the conspirators have trapped on board the Clytie appears most remarkable to him.

"It is the most clever bit of work I ever knew," he

declares, when I finish.

I am positively sure of my man, or I would not trust him thus far.

At any rate, the condition is one thrust upon me by circumstances, and I have had little choice.

We separate after a time.

When I run foul of Peterman I take occasion to let him know all that has occurred, for it is my desire to have him keep an eye on the captain.

Though I feel reasonably sure that the latter will stick to his contract, I am not the man to neglect any precautions that will render a thing safer.

Peterman, of course, knows what is up.

He promises to keep an eye open for squalls, and content with this I seek my bunk.

The night passes away.

There is no alarm.

After the storm our little yacht rides easily, and

we pass a pleasant night.

When morning comes we expect to be under way, but the waves are still very high, and orders are given to wait a few hours, in order that the great seas may have a chance to subside.

It is nearly noon before this condition is reached. Then we plow through the green waves, and passing out from behind the breakwater, head south.

Good time is made. The wind has changed to the northwest and helps us along amazingly.

We draw near Norfolk.

I know full well that the drama in which we are interested is soon to reach its culminating point.

Here, before Norfolk, within sight of the waters where, during the Civil War, the famous battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac took place, our little engagement is to end.

So far as I am concerned, I shall be perfectly sat-

It cannot come to a terminus too soon for my fancy, and yet I mean to arrange for a fitting burial service-everything must be done in the proper man-

A little maneuvering will do it.

Peterman has his orders.

I also manage to have a short talk in whispers with Jerry, and find him wakeful, ready to do his part of the work when the time comes.

Now let the lions roar.

We are ready for the show to begin.

It is a pleasant summer evening when the Clytie runs in and drops her anchor at the place which Captain Shackleford has selected.

Already the stars begin to peep out above in the blue vault of heaven, while a young moon, born in the storm, looks down from the western sky.

A peaceful hour.

From the city come sounds, borne on the evening breeze, that proclaim the day of labor over.

A few boats move about upon the water; the boom

of the evening gun at old Fortress Monroe has long ago been heard.

Night is at hand.

I am expecting something, and standing where I can see Beers and his ally, who are both on deck.

I watch them closely.

They scan the shore.

Undoubtedly they expect a boat to put out, for at Norfolk the agent sent on ahead, is to meet them with the latest news.

They are anxious to know just what the world of New York thinks over the disappearance of the great

Wall street operator. No boat puts out.

Turning to the captain, Beers hands him money, and desires that he send a man ashore at once, to get all the papers he can.

This Shackleford does. The darkness increases.

When the man returns he brings several New York dailies with him, which Beers seizes upon in an eager way.

"Captain, I am expecting an agent to board us

here. When he comes, inform me."

With this he makes for the cabin, followed by Jesse James, also curious to hear whether the affair has made any sensation.

I lose just about a minute in entering the little

room hard by.

As I peer through the peephole I see each of the men—Beers is scanning the papers, while his com-

panion lounges in a chair and smokes.

"I've seen nothing so far; Morton's name is mentioned, but only to say that his brokers are still in the ring after the smoke of the battle has cleared away; he was supposed to be a bear, and now he's a bull. Ha! here we have it. Listen to this: 'Jay Morton was not on the street yesterday; he is believed to have gone yachting, quite satisfied with having pocketed a cool million. or so in the late flurry. It is only those who are born lucky or rich who can do this thing?'"

Jesse James grins.

"Our million," he says, laconically.

"Soon to be. Who would think that you and I are the ones to profit by all that great excitement in Wall street. Ha! ha! Quite a joke."

"He's quite safe," jerking his thumb toward the

door of the small cabin.

"Certainly, man."

"Well, you know it would be a serious thing if he managed to escape while we lay in port here."

"No danger of that. From this little squib in the *Times* one would believe his family received the message we sent and do not feel worried."

"Everything is working beautifully. We shall

only have to keep him here a couple of days."

"I must start for New York."

"In the morning; I will go with you. Together

we will make our raid on five banks, and, laden with

the spoils, make for Europe."

"Perhaps," said Jesse James. His thoughts go to other scenes, and if fortune ever plays her favors into his hands he will carry out his great ranch scheme under another name.

"You have helped clean out a bank before now, my

friend?" says Beers, with a laugh.

"Yes; but not in this way."

"With you revolvers are trumps. In this case they have had no show in the game."

"They may yet. It's always my habit not to count a game won until the swag has been pocketed. These checks are good things, no doubt, but I'd take seventy-five cents on the dollar cold cash for my share just now."

When I hear this, I set Jesse James down as a

remarkably clever man.

He would be willing to take even less if he knew the actual state of affairs.

These two worthies will, no doubt, be considerably surprised before they are much older, if I have my way about the matter.

Captain Shackleford has said little to me during the day—he rather avoids me, in fact, but once he takes occasion to assure me of his unchanged mind, and that I can depend upon him when the time comes.

I have the situation clearly marked out in my head—know just where every man is employed, and how the game must be played in order to win.

There are four of us, counting the captain, and I do not depend upon him to aid us; all I want is that he remain neutral.

By closing the men in the forecastle, I will be rid

of all but the watch.

He can be easily overpowered, and after that the coast is clear; all we have to figure on is the cabin people.

I run the matter over in my mind.

A good deal depends on the coming of the agent and the news he brings.

If it is unimportant I can wait until my intended prey go to sleep, and then pounce upon them while thus off their guard.

On the contrary, should his news be of a startling character, I will have to alter my plans, give the signal for Peterman, and get to work.

Hence, my game just now is one of wait.

It is an advantageous one, for I can see all that takes place, and be ready at any moment to put my oar in.

Fortunately, I have not long to hold back.

There is a hail on deck; I can hear plainly as the little porthole is open.

"Boat ahoy!"

"What vessel is that?" comes from the water.

"Clytie-steam yacht, from New York, bound down the coast," answers the captain.

"I want to come aboard!" The agent has arrived!

CHAPTER CLXX.

JESSE JAMES AND HIS REVOLVER.

The two men in the cabin have heard what has passed outside.

They look at each other.

"Your man?" queries Jesse James.

"Yes; it is Burdsall."

A boat strikes the side of the yacht, and I can trace the course of the occupant as, with the captain's aid, he scrambles on deck.

Evidently Burdsall is not a sailor, if he is a friend

of the owner of the steam yacht.

Shackleford saves his boat from going adrift by catching it with a boathook, and fastening it astern, when it hugs the counter, the tide being slack.

This is a small thing. I mention it because it has

a bearing on some future event.

Things hinge one upon another very often.

Burdsall knows the way to the cabin.

In another minute he is knocking at the door.

"Come in!" speaks up Beers.

As he enters I get a peep at the "agent," and find that he is a businesslike man, keen of eye, fullbearded, and evidently a smart fellow.

He and Beers make a team.

Jesse James has not been counted in, but has forced his company upon Beers, who would like very well to shut him up in a stateroom and secure all the checks himself.

Fear compels him to avoid such work.

Jesse James is just the man to follow him all over the world and have his life in return for such a put-up

Of course, if the Missouri outlaw could be made a prisoner and handed over to the authorities, he would have no fear.

Perhaps some such vague plan as this has flitted through the mind of Raymond Beers, but if so it has not taken definite shape.

Burdsall has evidently no idea that Beers has a companion, and he shows astonishment as soon as he enters the cabin.

When Jesse James is introduced under his own name, Burdsall is more than ever amazed.

He cannot but shake hands cordially, for he has heard a great deal of this man, and has a respect for him such as one knave yields to another of heavier caliber.

"I did not expect this, Beers."

"Indeed! Why not?"

"I presumed the affair was put off, or that it had proven a failure."

Beers and his companion looked at each other and

then burst out laughing.

"So you doubted my ability, Burdsall? Well, as yet I have never gone into any scheme where the odds were against me without accomplishing my purpose."

"Then, you still hope to carry this out?"

"Hope!" with a puzzled look. "I believe the worst part of the affair has already been made a surety. You seem skeptical!"

"Really, I hardly understand you. It is impossi-

"Wait and see what is impossible."

With these words Beers strides over to the door of the little stateroom used as a prison, unlocks the door with a key he produces, and steps inside.

A minute later he comes out, his arm locked with

that of the prisoner.

"Mr. Burdsall-Mr. Jay Morton!"

Poor Burdsall! I really fear he will drop, for it looks as though the weight of a feather would make him fall to the floor. His eyes stare, his chin falls. and he has the appearance of a man in doubt as to whether he sees a ghost or a living being.

The climax has arrived. -

I slip to the door and see that it is ajar, for when I leave that room it must be in a hurry.

In a few seconds I am back again, and by that time

Mr. Burdsall has recovered his wind.

"Mr. Morton!" he ejaculates.

"Certainly—you doubted our ability to capture him-now you see the result."

"Mr. Jay Morton!" again gasps Burdsall.

Beers frowns.

"Come, Larry, don't be silly. This is the gentleman who has kindly accepted our invitation for a cruise, and that pleasure will cost him a round million; but he can afford it. What ails you? You look mighty queer."

"Why not? I tell you, Beers, there is some mis-

take here—some terrible mistake."

Still the others do not suspect.

The owner of the yacht takes out his pocketbook

and shows the checks he holds.

"Mistake, eh? Does that look like a mistake, or that? We hold the papers for a cold million, and you ought to know that signature, with the private mark up in the corner here. Mistake! I'd like such a one to befall me every week in the year."

"But the man?"

"He's all right, and having a good time, all things considering, eh, Mr. Morton? I never dreamed he would take it so philosophically."

"See here, Mr. Beers, answer me a question."

"A dozen, if you like, Burdsall."

"Can a man be in two places at once?"

"Well, hardly."

"You admit that?"

"It is an undisputed fact, ouside the lines of modern spiritualism.

"How long has this gentleman been on board your yacht, Beers?"

"Since the hour we sailed from New York."

"When was that?"

"Evening of the seventeenth."

"I'wo days ago?"

"Yes."

"If he was with you when that big storm raged last night, Mr. Morton could hardly have been in the bosom of his family."

"Well, no."

"Read this, please. It was mailed in New York early this morning. You know the writer, and would stake anything on his accuracy. Read it aloud."

He hands a letter to Beers.

The latter, his hand trembling a little, obeys:

New York CITY, July 18, 10 P. M. LAWRENCE BURDSALL, Norfolk, Va.

DEAR SIR:—I have just returned from Mr. Morton's house as per your orders, having carried there a fictitious message, which was to be delivered into his hands alone if he was home. I arwas to be delivered into his hands alone if he was home. I arrived in the midst of the heavy storm that played such havoe, and is still roaring as I write. Of course I did not expect to see Mr. Morton, but when I had asked for him, I was shown into the library, and found myself face to face with Jay Morton, whom I know well by sight. Fortunately my message was one that seemed to come from his brother, and he received it in silence. I positively swear that Jay Morton was at his home on the night of the 18th, and that there is some mystery about the mater, as though he does not wish the nublic to know this fact. though he does not wish the public to know this fact. Yours truly,

THOMAS GILLIGAN.

As he reads the last word, Beers glances, not at his companion, but straight at the man who looks so much like Jay Morton.

Jerry does not shrink.

He pretends to be surprised, and even smiles.

The silence is so profound that you might hear a pin drop easily enough.

"What does this mean?"

It is Jesse James who speaks.

He has jumped from his seat and faces Jerry, hold-

ing his ready revolver in his hand.

I begin to fear he will be ugly, and, having my weapon ready, I wonder if I can hit him through the crack in the partition, for he is worth just as much to me dead as alive.

"Hold on, there, comrade. No violence. We will investigate this affair. Time enough for any-

thing of that kind later on.'

Beers clutches the arm of the outlaw, who grumblingly restores his weapon to its hiding-place.

Perhaps I may have an encounter with that same revolver ere long.

"Now, who are you?" demands Beers, facing his unwilling guest.

Jerry remains cool and collected.

"That is a silly question, sir—after you have made me sign checks to the amount of a million, to ask who I am."

"I repeat it."

"Are you Jay Morton?" "I am J. M.!" positively. Beers looks at Burdsall.

"I don't believe it. This man would not lie, and has no object in it. He talked with Mr. Morton at his home last night, and, as the millionaire can't be in two places at the same time, you can draw the inference yourselves."

"According to your idea, then, Burdsall, this man must be an impostor?"

"He is."

"What could be his object?"

"He's paid to do this. You don't realize what a sharp man you've been playing with."

"But these checks?"

"I don't believe they're worth the paper they're written on. That's my honest opinion.'

Beers and his ally exchange glances.
"We intended going to New York to-morrow to get them cashed. He has given us a note to the cashier of each bank."

"Then you would have been nabbed, depend on You take big chances, anyway."

"This is all surmise on your part, Larry."

"No, it isn't. I have reason to believe the detectives are on the game."

"Why?"

"I received a letter from my friend Barrymore, who is up to some big deal in Wall street, that he saw one Caleb Black, a detective, go in to see Jay Morton at his office.'

"What's that name?" quickly.

"Black-Caleb Black!"

"We have such a man on board."

"On this boat?"

"Yes, I'm sure it's the same name."

"An old sailor?"

"No; a sort of greenhorn, come aboard at New York with a likely seaman. We have him wait on the table, and clean up around the cabin."

"Which suits him to a dot, I have no doubt."

"Stay. I'll have the man in, and we can soon learn the whole truth."

"Not yet, Beers. A little later, when we have talked it over. Then we can set a trap and seize the fellow when he comes in.

"You think he is this detective?"

"Sure of it."

"I'll murder him if he has played this trick on me," growls the other.

Jesse James now joins in. "Here's the man to squeal," pointing to Jerry. "He can tell you all about it."

"Gentlemen, you are talking Greek to me," re-

turns the prisoner, calmly.

"We'll make it Latin, then, or plain English. Let me manage this part of the business, comrades. I'll show you how we make a man squeal out in Missouri, where the telegraph poles sometimes bear mighty queer fruit."

"Take hold, then, and get his confession, Jesse,"

says Beers, too rattled to object further.
"I will, or we may have the pleasure of burying this Mr. Morton at sea, with a ten-pound shot fastened to his legs to drag him down."

He points to a chair.

"Sit down, my dear Mr. Morton."

Jerry immediately complies.

He seems obliging enough to do anything that is in his power.

Jesse James, with much bravado and show,

thumps his revolver down upon the table.

"Now cast your eye on that clock, Jay. Notice the time-exactly five minutes to nine. When the hour is complete and that clock strikes, unless you have confessed everything you know about this business, I'm going to blow your brains out."

The desperado means it.

He is furious at being balked; furious because he has believed he carries a fortune in his pocket that will last him for life, and now finds a chilling frost has nipped the buds of his hopes.

Now is the time for disappearing, I believe.

Five minutes grace are given me.

Much remains to be done, but until the attempt is made one does not realize what a quantity of work can be done in a limited time.

I leave my peephole and steal to the door, passing

which I hasten on deck.

CHAPTER CLXXI.

All is quiet on deck.

My first thought is of Peterman. Then the captain comes to mind.

Seeing the light of a cigar near by, I hurry over to that quarter.

"Captain Shackleford!"

"Here," answers a voice.

"The time has come."

"Hello! is it you, Mr. Black?" "Yes. Where are the men?"

I speak hastily, for time is very valuable to me just at present; ere the five minutes of grace are up we must be ready to move, or else a catastrophe may occur in the cabin.

"Below; all but the watch."

"Let us fasten them there, all but the watch. Remember, captain, the papers are made yours forever by the events of the next ten minutes. We must be very quick—the hatch!"

"This way!"

In ten seconds we are bending over it, and when double that time has elapsed, the covering is fastened down so that none of the men can escape without outside assistance.

One thing more remains to be done.

There is a man on watch.

He must be secured.

We dare not leave the deck unguarded if he is loose, as those below may call out and get him to open the hatch.

"Where is the watch?" I ask.

"Forward-last I saw of him he was sitting on a coil of rope."

"Leave him to me."

I pick up a belaying pin from the foot of the mast and creep stealthily forward.

The lantern triced up in the rigging sheds a very faint light about.

By this means I manage to get a glimpse of a figure seated upon a coil of rope, just as the captain has said.

It is the watch.

I creep toward him.

One good blow will stretch him senseless on the deck, and we need fear nothing more from that quar-

In another instant I will be upon him, but just then an air he is humming reaches my ear.

It is a familiar Swedish tune, and I have heard it often from the lips of Peterman.

Can this be he?

I call his name softly.

"That's me-who speaks," he answers.

This is luck.

The captain evidently had forgotten that the watch was the man who had come aboard at the same time I had.

It is no time for explanations, however.

Three of the five minutes must be up, and to my mind it seems as though the whole time may have slipped away since I left the cabin.

I even half expect to hear the dull report of that Missouri desperado's revolver.

Seizing Peterman's arm, I say:

"Come—all is ready!"

Then we descend to the cabin.

As the door is reached and no report sounds, I take a breath of relief.

Has Jerry found some way of putting off the tragic event, or has time gone slower than my excited imagination would suggest?

I am answered.

The clock begins to strike subdued notes.

While these sounds are disturbing the silence, I venture to turn the knob, and gently open the door a little, confident that the attention of all those in the cabin will be so riveted upon the scene transpiring there that we will not be noticed.

Nor are we.

As the last note rings out, Jesse James picks up his revolver calmly.

There is a fierce light on his face—the demon of destruction rides roughshod in his heart.

"The time is up, Mr. Man. Once more, I'll ask you, who are you, and what does this little fandango mean? Refuse to answer and you are a dead man. Jesse James swears it."

We have pushed the cabin door open and stand just within, revolver in hand.

Jerry faces us, sitting there.

The others have their backs toward the door.

Jesse James is my meat, I mentally figure, forgetting the old saying of "many a slip."

"Perhaps before you decide that matter, my good man, you had better look behind you," says Jerry, with sudden energy.

I cough.

Instantly, every one of these three men whirl around—they uter cries of wonder and dismay, for the sight of armed men means the jig is up.

Jesse James sees before his eyes a shadow of approaching doom; it may be the walls of the penitentiary or a dangling noose.

At any rate, the sight is such that he utters a rough oath and snatches up his revolver.

He is almost as quick as lightning in his actions; that was always the man's reputation. In this instance, he is too late.

Jerry has foreseen such a move. He is ready to checkmate.

Even as the outlaw turns his head, Jerry springs forward from his seat.

He is agile as a cat.

As the man's arm swings up from the table, his thumb cocking the revolver while in motion, Jerry clutches the arm, and the weapon is hurled across the cabin, where it strikes the wall and explodes, but without doing damage.

I think we have our man now, but do not give the desperado half the credit he deserves.

He throws Jerry from him as though the other were a child.

Then, when I think he is about to draw another weapon, and am just about to cover him, he suddenly blows out the lamp.

It is a masterly move.

Left in the dark we are placed on an equality with the enemy.

I hear a low laugh, and fire a shot in that direction; by the flash I just make out the figure of the outlaw in the stateroom of Mr. Beers.

Then I rush forward and hurl myself against the door, while Peterman strikes a light.

This is in vain.

The door is firm and resists all efforts to break it in; some other means must be adopted.

Peterman has relighted the lamp, and we can see each other.

I readily understand that there is no fight in the two men, Beers and Burdsall; they look as if stupe-fied by the catastrophe that has so suddenly fallen upon their cherished plans.

A thought flashes into my mind.

Perhaps this sudden movement on the part of the notorious Missouri outlaw has not been the inspiration of a moment, but a portion of a long cherished plan.

He is just the man to always keep himself prepared for an emergency.

That means something.

Can he escape?

I remember that the stateroom into which he has plunged is that of Beers.

The bull's-eye window is larger.

A man of even the outlaw's build might manage to slip through it.

What then?

We are anchored perhaps one hundred yards from the shore.

A desperate man would be able to swim that distance, if he had to.

Surely, Jesse James has good reason to desire such a chance.

If captured, it means a life imprisonment and perhaps legal strangulation, for his crimes in the dark past have been many, and the Governor of Missouri will be glad to receive him.

As for myself, I feel a fat fee slipping away from my grasp.

It really means ten thousand dollars to me, if he escapes or is captured; that much will either grace my pocket, or slip away.

I am alarmed.

We cannot break the door in hastily; it is well built, and will take five minutes, even with an ax, to force it from its hinges.

All seems silent beyond.

I make up my mind.

"Peterman!"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think you could keep these two men quiet a short time?"

He grins and holds up the revolver, which is kept in his hand, ready for use.

"No doubt of it, sir."

"That's good; watch them well, and at the least sign of treachery, shoot to kill."

"I will sir," says Peterman, looking savage.

He is generally a very peaceable man, but can assume a terrible expression at will.

I wait no longer.

Already I have consumed too much time.

Jesse James may be gone.

Leaving the cabin, I rush on deck with all the speed possible.

Here I find things just as I left them; the deck seems deserted, for the captain has seated himself forward somewhere.

I hear blows on the hatch.

Some one of the men has found it closed, and, thinking a joke is being played upon them by the watch, signals for assistance.

As soon as I gain the deck I rush to the stern to see whether Jesse James is climbing up from the bull's-eye window.

Just as I reach that place, the sound of oars comes to my ears.

"Hello! boat ahoy!"

No answer comes, save a low laugh.

My suspicions are confirmed.

This is the boat Burdsall used to reach the steam yacht; it lay against the stern and just about under the bull's-eye window.

Jesse James, intending to swim ashore, has lropped into this, and is off.

Naturally, I am furious.

I send a shot in the direction of the sound; by the flash I have a faint view of man and boat, and follow it up with others until my revolver is empty.

Have I done any damage?

The answer comes quickly.

Then a flash, a report, and a bullet whistles by in close proximity to my head.

Then a laugh follows over the water, I hear the splash of oars again, gradually receding; Jesse James has escaped.

I know how to make the best of a bad bargain, and accept the inevitable grimly.

He has earned his liberty.

Down in the cabin again, I write out a dispatch to Mr. Morton in New York.

A short note is also written to the chief of police of Norfolk, telling him that the notorious Missouri outlaw is in the city, and should be captured, but while writing it I know there is not one chance in a thousand that such a thing will be done.

I secure Beers in one stateroom and Burdsall in another to wait for morning, when we will see what disposal Mr. Morton desires shall be made of them.

They pass an uncomfortable night.

When morning comes, I receive instructions from New York.

They are to be turned loose, after paying me for my services half of what I have lost in not securing Jesse James.

Beers is only too happy.

I do not consider it as compounding a felony, for we would have had a hard time proving the case, and Mr. Morton did not wish to bring his private affairs before the public, which takes more concern over the lives of noted men than is at all pleasant.

So, when all has been adjusted, Peterman and I go ashore, and in the meantime the *Clytic* moves off.

Lucky, indeed, for us we left her, as she has never been heard of, but is supposed to have foundered at sea in a terrible storm that swept the Florida coast early in August.

Some weeks later I heard of Jesse James.

He was back in Missouri and had just robbed a train on the Iron Mountain Railroad.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ABOUT FAMOUS MEN.

Boys, turn to page 32 and see the announcement of the new Contest.

It's going to be a rattler, like the one that has just closed.

Everybody is to have another try at the valuable prizes offered. Don't miss this opportunity, but send in your article at once.

Following are some of the best articles received during the week.

Read them, and then send in your own!

Abraham Lincoln.

(By Frank J. Holderith, Elizabeth, N. J.)

"Abe" Lincoln was born in a little old log cabin. Lincoln was from childhood a great lover of books of all kinds. When Lincoln was old enough his father sent him to what was known to be a backwoods school. He was ambitious in his studies, though he had very little schooling. When Lincoln got older he used to go out and split rails for his neighbor in order to get his clothing. Lincoln also for a time was a surveyor.

When Lincoln grew up into manhood people began liking him. Slavery was adopted in all the Southern States, which Lincoln was very much opposed to.

The people in the North soon saw Lincoln's ambitious ways and finally elected him President. The South declared itself out of the Union altogether after they saw Lincoln would free the slaves. The North said the slaves must be free, the South said not.

A terrible war followed in which the South was beaten. The negroes were now free. Lincoln was fairly worshiped by the negroes for this kind deed. My brother's father-in-law served in this war with brave General Madison Drake, commander of the first regiment, that enlisted in New Jersey.

After the war Liucoln was attending a theatre one night when he was shot by Nathaniel Booth.

Buffalo Bill's Rescue.

(By William E. Doersein, Buffalo, N. Y.)

I, being president of a club named "Street & Smith's Weekly Readers," was requested to write for the prize which you are giving away in your Jesse James Weekly. We had a meeting last night and twenty of our members said that Buffalo Bill was by far the greatest hero of America. We read every one of the weeklies, and we all like Jesse James Weekly the best, and have decided to enter your contest. If we should win the prize will go to the club as a token.

Buffalo Bill, or Hon. Wm. F. Cody, is the greatest and bravest man America has ever seen. From boyhood he was brave, and was the best shot with rifle, gun, or could use the knife as good as an Indian. He has saved more lives and done more braver acts than any man in America. He fought under nearly every general, and each has credit to give him. He was feared by the Indians and also by the Western bandits. He had many nicknames. Some of them are: Prairie Pilot, Buffalo Hunter, and many others. He furnished many buffaloes to the men who built railroads through the West. One incident where he showed his bravery was this: One time he was scouting, and he saw a lady alone on the plains, and the Indians were stampeding some buffaloes. The beasts were after the lady, and if the horse should

stumble she would be crushed to death.

"I'll save her or die in the attempt," said Buffalo Bill, and save her he did, for he galloped right in front of the herd and took the lady from her saddle and put her in his. It was done none too soon, for her horse stumbled and was crushed a minute after. Buffalo Bill drove the spurs in his steed and soon was out of the way of the herd. For this he received a breastpin which she told him to pin over his heart, and this pin saved him many times.

(We are delighted to hear from one of our readers' clubs in Buffalo. The story sent in by your persident has been entered in the new contest.—Ed.)

General Ulysses S. Grant.

(By John Noon, Toledo, Ohio.)

General Grant was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, character our country ever produced. Born of poor and obscure parents, he rose, by perseverance and pluck, to the highest station in the land.

He was a graduate of the West Point Military Academy, and when the Mexican War broke out, he was at once sent to our Southern border with his regiment, where he distinguished himself by his bravery.

When war was declared between the North and South. Grant enlisted as colonel of an Illinois regiment. His advancement was rapid, and in 1863 he was commander of the Union forces in the siege of Vicksburg.

The capture of the city of Vicksburg was one of Grant's greatest achievements, for by it he threw open to the Union forces the free navigation of the Mississippi River for its entire length, and divided the Confederacy into two parts.

He soon afterward became commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. Immediately upon his appointment to this command he engaged the army of General Lee in the great battle of the Wilderness, and it was during this battle that he sent to the national government that famous dispatch, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." He did fight it out on that line, and finally forced Lee to surrender, thus bringing the war to a close.

It was owing to Grant's genius that the war was ended as soon as it was. When he was given chief command of

the United States armies, he saw that the only way to end the war was to deal the Confederates sharp and decisive blows. It was in pursuance of this policy that he sent Sherman on his famous march to the sea, and himself attacked Lee before Richmond.

A more honest or determined man than Grant never lived. One needs but to look at his picture to discover these characteristics plainly written on his face. It is said that his honesty was something remarkable. His determination is best shown in the fact that within eight years he rose from comparative obscurity to the highest position in the Republic.

A Great Man.

(By Michael F. Green, Jr., Danbury, Conn.)

William McKinley, the twenty-fifth President of the United States, was born at Niles, Turnbull County, Ohio, in 1844. Being an ambitious boy, his parents kept young William at school as long as possible. He was smart and devoted to his books, and soon acquired sufficient knowledge to become a teacher in a nearby country town.

When the Civil War began he laid his books aside and enlisted in the Twenty-third Ohio, afterward commanded by President Rutherford Hayes. McKinley was promoted to the rank of major for gallantry at the battle of Antietam, Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek.

When the war was ended McKinley returned home, but not to teach school. His ambitions were higher, so he commenced the study of law. Several years afterward he was admitted to the bar and began his success-

ful career as a lawyer in Canton, Ohio.

Lawyer McKinley became quite popular, and soon was a leader in politics, being elected to several minor offices. He was then selected by the people as their representative to Congress, and he continued to hold that office until he was elected Governor of Ohio.

It was evident to the Republican party that he was destined to be their leader, and in 1896, when they wanted a capable man for the head of our Government they chose McKinley, and the people of the United States willingly placed him in the Presidential chair. He was a model Christian, he was fair in every thing, doing only what his conscience justified and generous to all who appealed to him for help. In our dead President we find traits which few men possess, wisdom, patience and fortitude. When he entered the Presidential chair the way in which he managed the government won the good will and admiration of almost every one. He skillfully managed all questions that might lead to serious consequences by weighing them carefully, like the born diplomat that he was. He is to be classed with such men as Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson, three of the greatest men that ever lived.

As he lived, he died, and to his last breath he thought not of himself, but of his beloved wife, who, standing by the bedside, was awaiting the last gasp which would launch him forth into another yet happier world.

His name stands forth in the list of honored heroes, while every loyal citizen utters his name in reverence, and in future times, when the rising generations grow

to be men they will read with pleasure the brilliant exploits and unparalleled wisdom of William McKinley, scholar, soldier, statesman and President.

How "Stonewall" Jackson Got to West Point.

(By E. S. Poore, Richmond, Va.)

The Jackson family came from England to Virginia in the last century. John Jackson, the first of whom we have mention, settled near Weston, in Lewis County, beyond the Alleghanies, and his son Edward became county surveyor, and served in the Legislature. Jonathan, the son of Edward Jackson, settled in the town of Clarksburg, in Harrison County, where he commenced the practice of law, and married Miss Neal of Wood County. Of his four children by this marriage two sons and two daughters, Thomas Jonathan Jackson, born at Clarksburg, January 21, 1824, was the youngest.

When we next see Jackson it is at the age of sixteen, and up to this time the character of the boy seems to have been earnest and energetic. He had secured so high a reputation for intelligence and probity that the justices of the county court of Lewis elected him constable, the duties of which office he performed with credit and efficiency. It is probable, however, that the position did not please him, and hearing that there was a vacancy at West Point, he at once determined to apply

for the appointment.

So thus it is on a stormy November day, in the forties, we find two anxious-looking young men sitting in the public sitting-room of the old Bailey House, at Weston, in what is now Lewis County, West Virginia. "You'll be the one, Tom," whispered one to the other, as a waiter entered bearing a letter in his hand.

"I am afraid not, Gib," was the reply, from a seriousfaced youth, who was large for his age, which was only seventeen. As the negro looked around Gib fairly trembled with eagerness, while 'Tom's features settled

into a sort of grim composure.

"Mr. Gilbert Butcher," called the waiter. Gib sprang forward, seized the envelope, tore it open, and then waved it enthusiastically.

"It's mine," he shouted, and then was about to follow the assertion up with an old-fashioned yell, when the sight of his companion's face checked him.

But space will not allow us to dwell on this scene longer. It is sufficient to say Gib Butcher went to West Point, but returned home after a month or two, for hazing, discipline and militaries were more than Gib could stand.

Gib had resigned. Tom hurried to his uncle, resigned his constableship, borrowed ten dollars, packed his saddlebags and headed the gray mare toward Washington,

over 300 miles away.

In two weeks, he knew, the power of appointment would lapse into the hands of the Secretary of War. The winter roads were terrible. We will now have to close, but as the readers of this weekly would perhaps like to know if Jackson got to Washington in time or not, we would say that his application was successful, and on the first of July, in the year 1842, he was admitted a cadet at West Point.

Hunting and Trapping Department.

This department is brimful of information and ideas of interest to the young trapper and hunter. Write us if you have any questions to ask concerning these subjects, and they will be answered in a special column. Address all communications to the "Hunting and Trapping Department."

The Deadfall Trap.

In strolling through the woods and on the banks of streams in the country it is not an uncommon thing to stumble against a contrivance resembling the "deadfall." This trap has always been a most popular favorite among trappers, young and old; and there is really no better rough-and-ready trap for large game. To entrap a fox by any device is no easy matter; but the writer remembers one case where reynard was outwitted and the heavy log of the "deadfall" put a speedy end to his existence. The trap was set in a locality where the fox had made himself a nuisance by repeated nocturnal invasions among the poultry, and the bait was cleverly calculated to decoy him. A live duck was tied within the pen, and the morsel proved too tempting for him to resist. Thrusting his head beneath the suspended log, in order to reach his prey, he thus threw down the slender framework of support; and the log, falling across his neck, put him to death.

A pen of rough sticks is first constructed, having an open front. A log about seven or eight feet in length, and five or six inches in diameter, should then be procured. An ordinary fence rail will answer the purpose very well, although the log is preferable. Its large end should be laid across the front of the pen, and two stout sticks driven into the ground outside of it, one on each side, leaving room for it to rise and fall easily between them and the pen. A forked twig, about a foot in length, answers for the bait-stick. The lower end should be pointed, and the fork, with its bait, should incline toward the ground, when set. The upper end should be supplied with a notch, square side down, and directly above the branch which holds the bait. Another straight stick, about fourteen inches in length, should then be cut. Make it quite flat on each end. A small thin stone, chip of wood, or the like, is the only remaining article required.

Now proceed to raise the log, place one end of the straight stick beneath it, resting its tip on the flat top of the upright stick on the outside of the log. The bait-stick should now be placed in position, resting the pointed end on the chip, and securing the notch above, beneath the tip of the flat stick.

When this is done, the trap is set, but there are a few little hints in regard to setting it finely—that is, surely—which will be necessary. It is very important to avoid bringing too much of the weight of the log on the flat stick, as this would, of course, bear heavily on the

bait-stick and render considerable force necessary to spring the trap. The leverage at the point where the log rests on the flat stick should be very slight, and the log should be so placed that the upright shall sustain nearly all the weight. By this method, very little pressure is brought to bear on the bait-stick, and a very slight twitch will throw it out of poise.

The fork of the bait-stick should point to the side of the enclosure, as, in this case, when the bait is seized by the unlucky intruder, the very turning of the fork forces the notch from beneath the horizontal stick, and throws the parts asunder.

If the trap is set for muskrats, minks, skunks or animals of similar size, the weight of the log will generally be found sufficient to effect their death; but, if desired, a heavy stone may be rested against it, or the raised end weighted with other logs to make sure. When set for a coon or fox, this precaution is necessary. To guard against the cunning which some animals possess, it is frequently necessary to cover the top of the pen with cross-sticks, as there are numerous cases on record where the intended victims have climbed over the side of the enclosure, and taken the bait from the inside, thus keeping clear of the suspended log, and springing the trap without harm to themselves. A few sticks or branches laid across the top of the enclosure will prevent any such capers, and the crafty animals will either have to take the bait at the risk of their lives or leave it alone.

For trapping the muskrat the bait may consist of carrots, turnips, apples and the like. For the mink, a bird's head, or the head of a fowl, is the customary bait, and the skunk may usually be taken with sweet apples, meats, or some portion of a dead fowl.

In the case of the fox, which we have mentioned, the setting of the trap was somewhat varied, and in case our readers might desire to try a similar experiment, we will devote a few lines to a description of it. In this instance, the flat stick which supported the log was not more than eight inches in length; and instead of the bait-stick a slight framework of slender branches was substituted. This frame or lattice-work was just large enough to fill the opening of the pen, and its upper end supported the flat stick. The duck was fastened to the back part of the pen, which was also closed over the top. The quacking of the fowl attracted the fox; and as he thrust his head through the lattice to reach his prey, the frame was thrown out of balance and reynard paid the price of his greed and folly.

THE WINNERS

IN THE

We take great pleasure in announcing the winners in the contest just closed for the best articles about famous men.

The contest was a big success from the word go; indeed, it was so popular that the new one has been started on similar lines.

The entry list swelled up to many thousands, but the judges have succeeded in picking out the prize winners.

The two boys who turned in the best stories, and who are awarded the first prizes, consisting of Complete First-Class Cameras, are:

George Alter, 3195 Third St., Philadelphia, Pa. Edward Flynn, 35 Mystic St., Everett, Mass.

The winners of the second prizes, who are each awarded a Sterling Magic Lantern, complete, are:

Edward Everson, 49 Burrows St., Providence, R. I. Herbert E. Sliter, Sliters, N. Y. Wendell Getty, Duluth, Minn. Edgar S. Poore, 307 Reservoir St., Richmond, Va. George Adams, Tamarack St., Danbury, Conn.

The winners of the third prizes, who are each awarded a Handsome Pearl-Handled Penknife, are:

Charles E. Bowers, Hanover, Pa Arthur Watt, Chicago, Ill. Martin G. Brownson, Idaho Springs, Colo. Michael F. Green, Jr., Danbury, Conn. Luke O'Malley, 227 Third St., Jersey City, N. J.

The winners of the fourth prizes, who are each awarded a set of three of the Latest Puzzles, are:

Jesse J. Barmore, Verona, N. J. Lloyd Cramer, Jr., 309 West 116th St., N. Y. City. Victor Niebles, San Francisco, Cal. Bonvil Novak, 654 South May St., Chicago, III. George Consolvo, 824 Turnstall Ave., Norfolk, Va. Charles A. Draus, Dushore, Pa Edward Borucki, 8715 Commercial Ave., So. Chicago, I11.

Glen Harper, Elkins, W. Va. Grover Carvin, Cadillac, Mich. Malcolm Lehman, 83 Summer St., Lee, Mass.

Congratulations to the winners! They worked conscientiously for the prizes, and they have fairly won

Now, boys, another contest of the same kind has just started. Wouldn't you like to win a prize? Get into this contest at once, and show what you can do!

All Aboard for the New Contest!

36. 36. 36. 36.

PRIZE CHARACTER CONTEST. THE DEEDS OF FAMOUS MEN!

HERE IS THE PLAN:

Look up what interesting facts you can about any famous American-living or dead.

Chose anybody you please—Washington or Lincoln, Paul Revere, or General Grant, "Bob" Evans or Admiral Sampson, or anybody else you want to write about. Then sit down and write an article about him. Tell all about him, the brave deeds he did, or the famous words he uttered, etc.

All of the best articles will be published during the progress of the contest in a special department of the JESSE JAMES

No contribution must be longer than 500 words.

REMEMBER:

Whether your contribution wins a prize or not, it stands a good chance of being published, together with the name of the writer.

CAMERAS, MAGIC LANTERNS, PENKNIVES AND PUZZLES GIVEN AWAY:

The two who send us the most interesting and best-written articles will each receive a first-class Camera, complete with achromatic lens, and loaded with six exposures each. Absolutely ready for use. For square pictures, 3 1-2 x 3 1-2 inches; capacity, six exposures without reloading; size of camera, 4 1-2 x 4 1-2 x 4 inches; weight, 15 ounces; well made, covered with grain leather and handsomely finished.

The five who send us the next best articles will each receive a "Sterling" Magic Lantern Outfit, together with 72 admission tickets and a large show bill. Each lantern is 10 inches high, 4 inches in diameter, with a 1 1-2 inch plano-complex condensing lens and a 3-4 inch double complex objective lens. kerosene oil only.

The five who send us the next best articles will each receive a Handsome Pearl-Handled Knife. These knives have each four blades of the best English steel, hardened and tempered.. The handle is pearl, the lining brass, and the bolsters German

For ten next best descriptions, ten sets of the latest and most entertaining Puzzles and Novelties on the market, numbering three puzzles each, including Uncle Isaac's Pawnshop Puzzle, the Magic Marble Puzzle, and the Demon Outfit.

To become a contestant for the prizes you must cut out the Character Contest Coupon, printed herewith. Fill it out properly and send it to Jesse James Weekly, care of Street & Smith, 238 William Street, New York City, together with your article. No contribution will be considered that does not have this coupon accompanying it.

THIS CONTEST CLOSES FEBRUARY 1, 1902.

JESSE JAMES STORIES



Jesse James

WE were the first publishers in the world to print the famous stories of the James Boys, written by that remarkable man, W. B. Lawson, whose name is a watchword with our boys. We have had many imitators, and in order that no one

shall be deceived in accepting the spurious for the real, we are now publishing the best stories of the James Boys, by Mr. Lawson, in a New Library entitled "The Jesse James Stories," one of our big five-cent weeklies, and a sure winner with the boys. A number of issues have already appeared, and these which follow will be equally good; in fact, the best of their kind in the world.

STREET & SMITH, Publishers, New York.

NICK CARTER STORIES



Nick Carter.

THE best known detective in the world is Nick Carter. Stories by this noted sleuth are issued regularly in "Nick Carter Weekly" (price five cents), and all his work is written for us.

It may interest the patrons and readers of the Nick Carter Series of Detective Stories to know that these famous stories will soon be produced upon the stage under unusually elaborate circumstances. Arrangements have just been completed between the publishers and Manager F. C. Whitney, to present the entire set of Nick Carter stories in dramatic form. The first play of the series will be brought out next fall.

STREET & SMITH, Publishers, NEW YORK.

BUFFALO BILL STORIES

The only publication authorized by the Hon. Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill).



Buffalo Bill.

WE were the publishers
of the first story ever
written of the famous
and world-renowned
Buffalo Bill, the great
hero whose life has been
one succession of exciting and thrilling inci-

dents combined with great successes and accomplishments, all of which will be told in a series of grand stories which we are now placing before the American Boys. The popularity they have already obtained shows what the boys want, and is very gratifying to the publishers.

STREET & SMITH, Publishers, New York.

DIAMOND DICK STORIES



Diamond Dick.

THE celebrated Diamond Dick stories can only be found in "Diamond Dick, Jr., the Boys' Best Weekly."

Diamond Dick and his

son Bertie are the most unique and fascinating heroes of Western romance. The scenes, and many of the incidents, in these exciting stories are taken from real life. Diamond Dick stories are conceded to be the best stories of the West, and are all copyrighted by us. The weekly is the same size and price as this publication, with handsome illuminated cover. Price, five cents.

STREET & SMITH, Publishers, New York.